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SPECIAL SPRING BOOKS ISSUE

The Ethics of Disclosure

Peter Singer inquires into the morality of ex-C.I.A. agents whose books have dropped a dime on their former employer. . . . In a review of **Donald Barlett** and **James Steele's** ***Empire,*** **Robert Sherrill** looks at the private lives of public figures with special reference to **Howard Hughes's** personal habits. . . . Describing his own ethics when he blew the whistle on **Senator Thomas Dodd, James Boyd** makes the case for the informer's place in our society. . . . **Aaron Latham** reviews **Jack Anderson** and **James Boyd's** ***Confessions of a Muckraker*** and finds more than one sort of disclosure in the long careers of **Anderson** and **Drew Pearson**. . . . Making the epistemological case against gossip, **Richard Gilman** dissects two books from the **Jackie O** industry while **Nora Magid** describes squealing from high places in a review of **Margaret Trudeau's** ***Beyond Reason***. . . . **John Leonard** investigates the invasion of his own privacy in a review of his book, ***Private Lives in the Imperial City***. . . . Pondering the social researcher's ethics, **Herbert J. Gans** draws the fine line between disclosure and betrayal, and **Sissela Bok** reviews **Thomas Nagel's** ***Mortal Questions,*** a philosopher's inquiry into the distinctions between public and private, objective and subjective. . . . A ***Nation*** editorial considers the matter of former Presidents such as **Gerald R. Ford**, who disclose public papers for private gain.

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LETTERS.

SCIENTIST-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX

Walnut Creek, Calif.

Your two fine editorials ["The Hot River Valley Syndrome" and "The Unacceptable Risk," *The Nation*, Apr. 14] on nuclear power plant dangers are most illuminating and properly document the dilemma the country is in (and the world, for that matter) with the imponderable problems generated by nuclear operations.

There is one observation I would like to add to your discourse. Dwight Eisenhower warned the nation of the military-industrial complex. Few people realized at that time that a new complex was emerging—a scientist-industrial complex, which has carried the world near the precipice by proliferation of nuclear plants (as well as nuclear weapons).

The turn of events of nuclear power development is one unsavory scientific accomplishment. It discloses that some scientists' judgments are swayed by their vested interest in their science and that they are not always wise concerning the welfare of humanity. Thus, scientists must be under constant surveillance, or they may push us all off the deep end. *Meldon C. Belknap*

MOBILIZE FOR SURVIVAL

New York City

During the 1950s, Government and industry presented the bright hope of nuclear power to us. It was the energy of the future: save and clean. Radiation hazards were not discussed and the profit motive was underplayed. So, millions of tax dollars poured into the research and building of nuclear power plants. Today, seventy-one plants are operating, and if the industry has its way, more are to be built. But people are alert to what is going on. The list of nuclear accidents is substantial; they pose a threat to public health and safety.

Nuclear power plants produce toxic radioactive materials and routinely vent gases into the atmosphere. Low levels of these poisonous elements produce cancer and mutations and accelerate the aging process. High doses cause severe radiation poisoning, which leads to a quick death. Plutonium, the most deadly element, causes cancer fifteen to twenty years after body contact, and is currently used as fuel for nuclear breeder reactors and in the making of atomic weapons.

None of this is pleasant. Nor is it comforting to know that the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, which is responsible for the storage of high-level waste from these plants, has yet to find a failsafe method for storage. The intense heat and radioactivity of these fissionable products corrode storage containers and release more toxins into the environment. Alternate energy sources are the viable way, and too little of our tax dollars are appropriated for solar, water, wind, wood and garbage conversion technologies.

We demand that industrial, financial and governmental policy makers act more responsibly and truthfully in presenting the facts of nuclear power as they really are. The impact of Three Mile Island brings the truth of their irresponsibility closer to home. The safety and health of the people of Harrisburg and the entire mid-Atlantic area were at the mercy of a reactor out of human and technological control.

Clearly what is involved here is more than one-issue politics. It is a reordering of national priorities. In light of this, the Mobilization for Survival urges all concerned citizens and community organizations to come to Washington on May 6 for a national demonstration against nuclear power and to demonstrate on May 19, Armed Forces Day, to demand cuts in military spending and adequate funding for human needs. (Further information on the Washington demonstration is available from the May 6 Coalition, 202-462-3903; for transportation information from New York City, call 212-923-1210; for information on the May 19 demonstration in New York City, contact the Mobilization for Survival, 212-673-1808.) It is time to place human lives and values before capital gains and manipulative greed. *Mary Jane Sullivan*
Mobilization for Survival

POWER OF LETTERS

Ames, Iowa

I am a private citizen who is very concerned about the risks associated with our nation's use of nuclear power. I have taken on the personal responsibility of doing something about it. I am sending a letter every day to the White House. In it, I demand the prohibition of nuclear power plant construction and nuclear waste production, and the establishment of alternative energy programs. I believe if enough people such as myself choose to make this minor effort every day, the United States Government can be steered from its present dangerous course.

This method of protest has very important attributes that address the major problems in effectively demonstrating public concern. On the citizen's end, it is legal, easy and relatively inexpensive, and can be done every day as a way to deal with that feeling of helplessness citizens often have when trying to affect public policy. On the receiving end, it has to be dealt with (mail must be opened), it concentrates pressure i one place (the President), it appeai never-ending (the pressure is contin ous) and is received from individual ci izens. I urge other people to choose thi form of protest. Keep Three Mile Islan in mind. The next one may be near yo *Joe Lync*

NEAR MISS AS GOOD AS A MILI

Fairfax, Calif.

I enclose a copy of a letter I sent t President Carter:

> As I observe the "official" position emerging in the wake of the "incident" on Three Mile Island, I see the inescapable logic of this proposition: If some nut took a pot shot at you, and missed, the incident would prove conclusively the contention of the National Rifle Association that "guns do not kill." *Glenn B. Meagher*

SLICK

New York City

The President, the so-called "Nuclear Regulatory (*sic*) Commission," the major media and assorted sycophants are all stonewalling, rather horrendously, in the wake of the events at Three Mile Island. Assuming (dangerous at best) that they are not *all* complete fools, one asks the question, "Why?"

Given some thought, the answer—beyond corporate profits, cronyism, face-saving, blindness and other assorted stupidities and cupidities—becomes clear: One of the byproducts of spent reactor fuel rods is plutonium, which is weapons-grade fissionable material.

Ergo: American consumers of electric power are paying for the production of nuclear death in the form of further proliferation of atomic weapons.

Neat. The "Defense Industry" gets all the weapons-grade material it needs, does not pay for it, and doesn't publicly have to bear the stigma of pressing for more bomb material.

One must give credit where it is due: The military-industrial complex is *slick*. *Bill Lentsch*

KATE MILLETT SPEAKS

PEN American Center announces an address by Kate Millett on *Iran: Women v. Repression*, to be held on Wednesday, May 9 at 5 P.M. at 47 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Reception to follow. For information: Catherine Tinker, (212) 255-4009.

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EDITORIALS.

Cornering History

When we planned this Special Spring Books Issue on the Ethics of Disclosure we did not know that we ourselves would be in a position to do a little disclosing—to scoop former President Ford on his own memoirs (see "Behind the Nixon Pardon," *The Nation*, Apr. 7). Nor did we anticipate that the President's publisher would threaten to sue us, claiming—wrongly, in our judgment—that our story about what the President had to say in defense of his pre-pardon negotiations with Gen. Alexander Haig constituted copyright infringement. Although unpremeditated, the legal brouhaha over the publisher's pre-publication embargo on the memoirs (would they have objected if we had waited until books were in the stores?) echoes themes sounded elsewhere in this special number of *The Nation*—the public's right to know, the standards of relevance and the obligation to expose or suppress information, not to mention the propriety of public officials exploiting public papers for private enrichment.

The memoirs of Gerald R. Ford—and, by extension, Nixon's memoirs, Kissinger's forthcoming memoirs, Carter's eventual memoirs—all raise a crucial question: who owns, and more important, who ought to own the President's (and his men's) papers? Who, in other words, owns the news—indeed owns significant patches of contemporary history? Is it right that papers that were developed at taxpayer expense by men on the public payroll, stored in Government archives, duplicated on Government copying machines, typed on Government-issue typewriters by civil servants, be closed to public access for a period of thirteen years (the span of time that the more important, sensitive and newsworthy of the Ford papers deeded to the Government are restricted) or twenty-five years (the duration of the embargo on the important papers that

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Henry Kissinger deposited in the Library of Congress)? And is it right that during these embargoes the President and his men are free to exploit these same papers for profit? Is it in the public interest that independent historical inquiry should be delayed until a former President has squeezed every last drop of commercial profit from his years in office?

Let us make clear that we do not object to Gerald and Betty Ford signing a joint $1 million contract that allows Harper & Row and *The Reader's Digest* to publish their memoirs. We do not even question (at least here) the propriety of the contract that the William Morris Agency negotiated for the Fords with NBC-TV, which involves a total payment of $1.5 million—although we might query, on behalf of NBC's worried stockholders, whether the network is getting its money's worth from Ford's recent appearance on *Weekend* and *Today* in conjunction with the publication of his memoirs. There are authors who, if they had $1.5 million in mad money, would pay NBC to put them on those shows, such is their importance in publicizing new books.

We may think it unseemly that the former President accepted $10,000 in Muldergate money from the South Africa Trade Organization for a recent speech in Houston; but we do not quarrel with his affiliation with the American Enterprise Institute, which has been paying Ford a reported $50,000 annually. We acknowledge his freedom to accept all such post-Presidential perks, regardless of source.

Nor do we object to Ford receiving some $300,000 a year from the taxpayers as "transition" funding, although we became curious when we read recently in *U.S. News & World Report* that he spent $23,000 of it on long-distance calls, $30,000 on travel and $150,000 for the salaries of twelve employees. How much of this money went to the preparation of his memoirs? (And how many additional hours of National Archives staff-time were spent preparing Ford materials at what cost in person-hours and copying?)

Finally, we think the former President has earned his combined Presidential and Congressional pensions of $106,000 a year. Congress has rightly provided for former Chief Executives, so that never again will we have the spectacle of a Mrs. Lincoln left in poverty or a Ulysses S. Grant writing his memoirs while terminally ill with cancer in order to provide for his family. The money Grant's publisher, Mark Twain, got his author was large for its day, but it pales into insignificance in today's marketplace.

What disturbs us about all this is not necessarily the amounts but rather the commercialization of the Presidency that they reflect. Ford is only the latest to cut himself in on this booming market. And as the historian Barton Bernstein pointed out:

> Truman, Eisenhower, and Johnson reaped lush contracts by producing memoirs from their Presidential papers. They were also able to exploit their virtual monopoly of these sources in order to shape the assessments of their administrations.

To make matters worse, Ford was widely applauded by the press when, in December 1976, he announced that he was "donating"—how can one donate that which one doesn't own?—his papers to the public. *The Washington Post* called Ford's action "a bit of sunshine in a very murky field."

What the press (perhaps influenced by its own stake in serialization deals worth hundreds of thousands of dollars) ignored, however, was the rider attached to the gift. In a letter to James Rhoads, Archivist of the United States, dated December 13, 1976, Ford wrote:

> I reserve for myself, my heirs, successors or assigns all my literary property rights in any other works I may hereafter write for publication or to which I may hereafter contribute for publication, based in whole or in part on the conveyed materials, including, but not limited to, any statutory copyright or contractual rights in such works and including the right to license any publisher of such works; and I further reserve the non-exclusive right to make any literary use of the conveyed materials.

In other words, before he left office, Ford cut himself a hefty slice of literary rights, which his agent, William Morris, would soon convert into millions. What made those rights worth millions? Their news value, of course, and this the President secured by acquiring a monopoly over his papers and the news they contained. By placing a thirteen-year embargo on the bulk of his papers, Ford created official "secrets" and thus escalated the value of the material in the literary marketplace.

Beyond the blow to historical inquiry and the public's right to know this embargo represents, there is also a constitutional question. Article II, Section 1, clause 6 of the United States Constitution (generally known as the Emoluments Clause) provides that

> The President shall, at stated Times, receive for his Services, a Compensation, which shall neither be encreased nor diminished during the Period for which he shall have been elected, and he shall not receive within that Period any other Emolument from the United States or any of them.

For President Ford to reserve the literary rights to papers generated during his performance of the office thirty-eight days before he left that office would seem a blatant violation of the Emoluments Clause.

It may be argued in Ford's behalf that ever since George Washington took his papers back to Mount Vernon with him and stored them in a trunk, Presidential papers have been considered personal property and thus excluded by tradition and precedent from the Emoluments Clause. Early Presidents bequeathed the papers to relatives, left them to various departments of Government or destroyed them.

But in this case history is a poor teacher. For one thing, the Presidency itself has radically changed. The present White House staff is larger than the entire Government was in Jefferson's day. The files of the Presidents after Herbert Hoover take up more

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ıce than those of all the preceding Presidents. And ɔn as the Presidency was transformed, so was the blishing industry. A Mark Twain with his own all publishing house and commission men selling ɔks door to door by subscription has given way to ·ge firms owned by conglomerates. The proliferan of media has made a man—the former Presint—a valuable literary property, a golden bundle subsidiary rights to be auctioned off one by one. ıe newspapers and magazines demand exclusivity exchange for their money; the networks tie up the an's opinions on television; the various media feed one another symbiotically, each generating public- that nourishes the other. The former President's lue in this marketplace rests upon his privity to ents, and these events are contained in his papers, cretarial notes, tapes, dictographs and all the other cords of his Presidency. At a minimum the subsidry rights to the Presidency—under the present stem—are worth four or five times the President's ınual salary. In other words, they are an emolument.

The danger of the Presidency becoming an office of ɔwer and profit was recognized by the framers hen they inserted the Emoluments Clause. Re-ɛntly, when the question came up in a case involving ixon's historical materials, Federal District Judge harles R. Richey noted that the framers "sought to revent the corruption of office by removing profit. hey feared that if the office offered both power and rofit, the persons who sought it would 'not be the ·ise and moderate, the lovers of peace, the men fittest ɔr trust.' (Farrand, *The Records of the Federal Con-ɛntion of 1787. . .*)"

President Carter's plans for his papers remain omewhat murky, despite his promise in a letter to oel Solomon, the administrator of the General Servces Administration, to "offer for deposit with the Jnited States government the official papers and ther historical materials received and produced durng my presidency" and to "convey to the Archivist of he United States all right, title and interest which I nay have in such papers and historical materials." Carter even announced that he had instructed his atorney "to draft a codicil to my will" to that effect, adding, "I expect this codicil to be completed shortly." But when a researcher at *The Nation* asked the White House if this codicil was completed, she was switched from the press office to assistant press secretary Pat Bario's office to Presidential counsel Robert Lipshutz's office to staff attorney Michael Cardozo's office to Presidential assistant Susan Clough's office. Clough's office switched her to Jody Powell's office, which is the press office, back where the runaround began. (P.S. A second call to Chip Carter's office at Carter-Mondale Presidential Committee Headquarters at least elicited a promise to call back.)

Our own view is that the President's papers belong to the public. It is unseemly that they become the object of big-money bidding by the media. It is wrong that they are not made readily accessible to impartial scholars (court historians such as Arthur Schlesinger Jr., who has written two best sellers from his access to Camelotiania, don't count). In the case of material that should remain restricted for valid considerations such as national security or privacy—and we suspect that these categories are narrower than is generally supposed—the President should also be foreclosed from drawing upon them in his commercial literary efforts. Any such exceptions should not be broader than those allowed under the Freedom of Information Act, which ought to cover the President's papers in any case.

In 1968 Congress rescinded the President's right to a tax deduction for papers he donated to the National Archives. Now they should close the loopholes in present law that allow the President to sequester his papers purely for his own financial advantage, and, while they are at it, they might bring their own papers under the Freedom of Information Act.

Malicious Minds

In its ruling in the libel suit brought by Lieut. Col. Anthony Herbert against CBS, Barry Lando and *The Atlantic Monthly*, the Supreme Court has held that inquiries into the state of mind of those charged with defaming public figures are permissible. Actually, the decision follows logically from the Court's ruling fifteen years before in the case of *The New York Times* v. *Sullivan*, which first laid down the rule that public officials may only collect damages if they prove "actual malice" by those who defame them. Since malice is a state of mind, it is hard to see how it could be proved without evidence relating to the defamer's thoughts.

Times v. *Sullivan* is rightly regarded as a great landmark in the protection of freedom of the press. To use the Court's own words in that decision, it stands for "the principle that debate on public issues should be uninhibited, robust and wide open." In the general euphoria among free press advocates that greeted the *Times* decision, the first in which the Supreme Court had held that libel laws must be governed by the First Amendment, little attention was paid to the inquiries proof of malice would entail. A typical reaction at the time was that of a leading First Amendment scholar, the late Harry Kalven, who wrote that "there can be something demeaning in carping too much about the illiberality of so distinctively liberal an opinion."

The current decision makes it clear that, despite the liberality of the *Times* decision, some carping was in order fifteen years ago. At the time, Justices Arthur Goldberg, Hugo Black and William Douglas had concurred in the decision overturning an Alabama jury's award of $500,000 to a Montgomery city official who claimed that he had been libeled by a civil rights

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advertisement in *The Times*, but dissented from the view that public officials should be able to collect libel judgments if they proved actual malice. As Goldberg wrote in a perceptive opinion: "It may be urged that deliberately and maliciously false statements have no conceivable value as free speech. [Exactly what the Supreme Court's majority now urges.] That argument, however, is not responsive to the real issue . . . which is whether that freedom of speech which all agree is constitutionally protected can be safeguarded by a rule allowing the imposition of liability upon a jury's evaluation of the speaker's state of mind. If individual citizens may be held liable in damages for strong words, which a jury finds false and maliciously motivated, there can be little doubt that public debate and advocacy will be constrained."

The rule that Justices Goldberg, Black and Douglas sought is that anyone should be able to say anything on a public issue without fear of a libel suit. We agree. The requirement that actual malice be proven is damaging both to public figures who may be victims of libel and to the freedoms of speech and the press. It hurts public figures because it creates the illusion that they have a legal remedy against those who defame them and, thereby, enhances the credibility of defamatory statements that are published about them. The remedy is illusory because, as most public figures are aware, a libel suit calls more attention to the libel; it is expensive to bring; it is time-consuming; it subjects the person bringing the suit to legal discovery proceedings which may expose to public view parts of his or her life that the public figure would prefer to keep private; actual malice is almost impossible to prove, and losing a libel suit creates the impression that the truth of the libel has been verified by a judge or jury. It hurts freedom of speech and the press because it is never possible to predict with certainty when a libel suit will be filed. Rather than risk the time, trouble, expense and inquiries into state of mind of a libel suit, the press will choose sweeping self-censorship.

Where would the Goldberg-Black-Douglas interpretation leave someone like Lieut. Col. Anthony Herbert, whose need to prove that he was maliciously libeled by Barry Lando and CBS-TV's *60 Minutes* generated the new ruling? It would actually protect him by enhancing the skepticism of viewers of the program on which he says he was defamed; they would know the producers couldn't be sued for libel. It would also leave him free to say anything he chose about the producers of the program and—under the Federal Communications Commission's "fairness doctrine," which the Supreme Court has upheld—to do it on CBS television. That seems to us all the protection he is entitled to under the First Amendment.

ARYEH NEIER

Aryeh Neier, a member of The Nation's *Editorial Board, is a visiting professor of law at New York University and a fellow of the New York Institute for the Humanities.*

Asylum Denied

Hector Marroquin, the 25-year-old Mexic trade union activist seeking asylum in United States, has been ordered to le the country within thirty days. A mem of the Socialist Workers Party, Marroquin faces most certain imprisonment if he is deported to M ico. (See "Right of Asylum," *The Nation*, Mar. 2

In a decision handed down April 11, Immigrati and Naturalization Service Judge James R. Smith knowledged that Marroquin is a well-known politi activist in Mexico—and that the Mexican Gove ment tortures, jails and kills some political prisone But Judge Smith nevertheless declined to bre precedent and grant political asylum to a refug from our southern neighbor.

In the course of Marroquin's I.N.S. hearing, ho ever, some disturbing testimony emerged on pr viously secret F.B.I. activities in Mexico in the ear 1960s. Roger Rudenstein, Executive Director of t Political Rights Defense Fund, produced documer recently obtained from the F.B.I. demonstrating th the Bureau had mounted numerous operations Mexico aimed at disrupting labor, student and pea ant organizations. Indeed, the F.B.I. had had Marr quin under surveillance since 1968, when he was a 1 year-old high school student. It comes as no re surprise that the long arm of J. Edgar Hoover e tended to mere high school students in a foreign cou try. But the I.N.S.'s deportation of a victim of th illegal surveillance to the same Government that pe mitted it is shocking.

Judge Smith adduced some bizarre arguments f ordering Marroquin's expulsion, but the most di turbing of all was his attack on Marroquin's "cour ship with the Socialist Workers Party" and h implication that he might be happier in "Castro Cuba." I.N.S. attorney Daniel Kahn also betrayed p litical motivations when he told *The Houston Post* tha Marroquin "has admitted from his own mouth that h is a Marxist. The United States does not grant asylu to Marxists."

Such a doctrine is pernicious. A refugee's politica beliefs should not be made a condition for asylum i this country. It is perhaps appropriate to recall tha fifty years ago this June, Rosika Schwimmer was de nied United States citizenship because of her pacifis beliefs. In his dissent to a Supreme Court decision up holding the immigration service's ruling, Justic Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. wrote these indelibl words:

> . . . if there is any principle in the Constitution that more imperatively calls for attachment than any other it is the principle of free thought—not free thought for those who agree with us but freedom of thought for the thought that we hate. I think that we should adhere to that principle with regard to admission into as well as to life within this country.

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SECOND THOUGHTS

CAREY McWILLIAMS

The ultimate remedy for acute political frustration is to be found in Article II, Section 1 of the Constitution: any native-born citizen, 35 years of age, and for fourteen years a resident of the United States may be a candidate for President. So if all else fails, if the political parties will not offer real choices, then frustrated citizens can offer themselves as candidates. It matters not that the odds are overwhelmingly against them; they can at least register dissatisfaction through personal action.

To single out the most bizarre current example: Garrett Brock Trapnell, a prisoner in the maximum security Federal prison at Marion, Ill., where he is serving a life sentence for aerial piracy, has been issued an election registration number (P00000265) and is off and running for the Presidency. Trapnell believes that there are thousands of young people so disgusted with current standards of mediocrity that they just might welcome a chance to vote for an unconventional candidate. A letter from the Department of Justice states that a prisoner can indeed be a candidate for the highest office in the land.

But there are others, not in maximum security prisons, who also seek the office. Some have quite interesting backgrounds and, by current standards, just might make good Presidents. Benjamin Fernandez, son of Mexican migrants, now, at 53, a self-made Los Angeles millionaire, hopes to be the first person of Hispanic descent to make it to the Oval Office. He has never before sought elective office. Born in a railroad boxcar in Kansas City—a real twist on the log cabin theme—he was reared in the tomato and sugar beet fields of Michigan. He worked his way through the University of Redlands and obtained a master's degree in business at New York University. Fernandez is a Republican who thinks the party needs a new image. Republican leaders in California feel that he is, to use their phrase, "spitting in the wind"; but in a race with Reagan, Ford, Haig, Connally, Baker and Philip M. Crane, a boxcar candidate of Hispanic background sounds quite attractive.

Then there is Lawrence W. Goldberg, 53, of Media, Pa., a man with a good education and an admirable war record as a B-29 navigator. Goldberg was an early critic of Atomic Energy Commission policies; since 1956 he has been insisting that we were "buying trouble" with the nuclear reactor program. In 1961 he waged a one-man battle against the nuclear generating reactor on the Susquehanna River. In a recent interview in *The Harvard Crimson* he estimated that he had a "ninety-nine-and-forty-four-one-hundredths" chance to lose but feels that his special stress on nuclear and freedom of the press issues just might attract some national press attention (so far it hasn't). He would like to see greater citizen participation in public affairs and condemns what he calls "political laetrile."

And there are others, many others, including Ivar Blomberg of Burt Lake, Mich.; Abram Eisenman of Savannah, Ga., who has announced not once but several times and has published an interesting book on why he should be President and, just recently, Mayor Dennis Kucinich of Cleveland. Nor have the California candidates yet started to announce; the state never fails to bring out dozens of "citizen-candidates." In fact, 1980 promises to produce more volunteers for the Presidency than any recent Presidential election year, which is a measure of current frustration.

But consider a quite different possible contender. Senator Adlai Stevenson 3d, who will not be a candidate for re-election, just might decide to oppose Carter in selected primaries. In the next few weeks he will be speaking "about ideas" to see "if there is a constituency out there. I'm going to see if any idea can still triumph or even make a dent." With him, winning is not the prime objective; he wants to inform people so they can make sensible decisions. "The object of a game is to win. That's what is wrong with our leadership today; their objective is not the exercise of power but the acquisition of power."

Stevenson is in no political trouble and would be a shoo-in for re-election to the Senate. One might think that the networks would want to know why this universally respected politician, only 48 years of age, had decided not to seek re-election. But his press aide told me recently that there had been no network requests for interviews. Yet Senator Stevenson has some extremely interesting answers to the question of why he decided not to seek re-election, including some truly first-rate ideas about the present sad state of American politics, witness a speech he made on November 3, 1978, at the Center for the Study of the Presidency at its ninth annual meeting at Springfield, Ill. In his view the Presidency has pulsated between reform and reaction but now reaction is followed by reaction. And his fine statement in the Senate on March 1, 1979, on how to use—and preserve—this country's enormous agricultural resources, raises basic issues of the very greatest importance. But is anybody listening? When I asked his press aide what had been the reaction to his announcement not to seek re-election, he replied, after a noticeable pause, "we got some mail."

Of course people would be interested if they knew about it, but today they know essentially only what they get from the tube. It is a sad day when a politician of Stevenson's distinction can bow out of politics with so little reaction from the national media. We have lost with scarcely a murmur of protest a fine, thoughtful independent Senator, one who does his own thinking. But with some encouragement we still might gain an independent "issues and ideas" candidate for the Presidency. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Forswearing Secrecy

PETER SINGER

There follows the short route to notoriety and fortune: join the Central Intelligence Agency; sign whatever oaths of eternal secrecy are put before you; draw a good salary while fomenting coups against popular governments; then feign disgust at what you have been doing, resign, and write a book in which you reveal all the confidential information you can recall; finally, let the C.I.A. know about the book before it appears, so that the agency's clumsy attempts at censorship or sabotage will add valuable publicity.

Does this narrative unfairly characterize the careers of Victor Marchetti, Philip Agee, Frank Snepp or John Stockwell? I do not challenge the motivation of these men. I simply suggest the possibility of cynically planning a career along these lines in order to raise the question: under what conditions is it justifiable to disclose secret information received in confidence? The dam of secrecy now leaks badly; should we do away with it altogether?

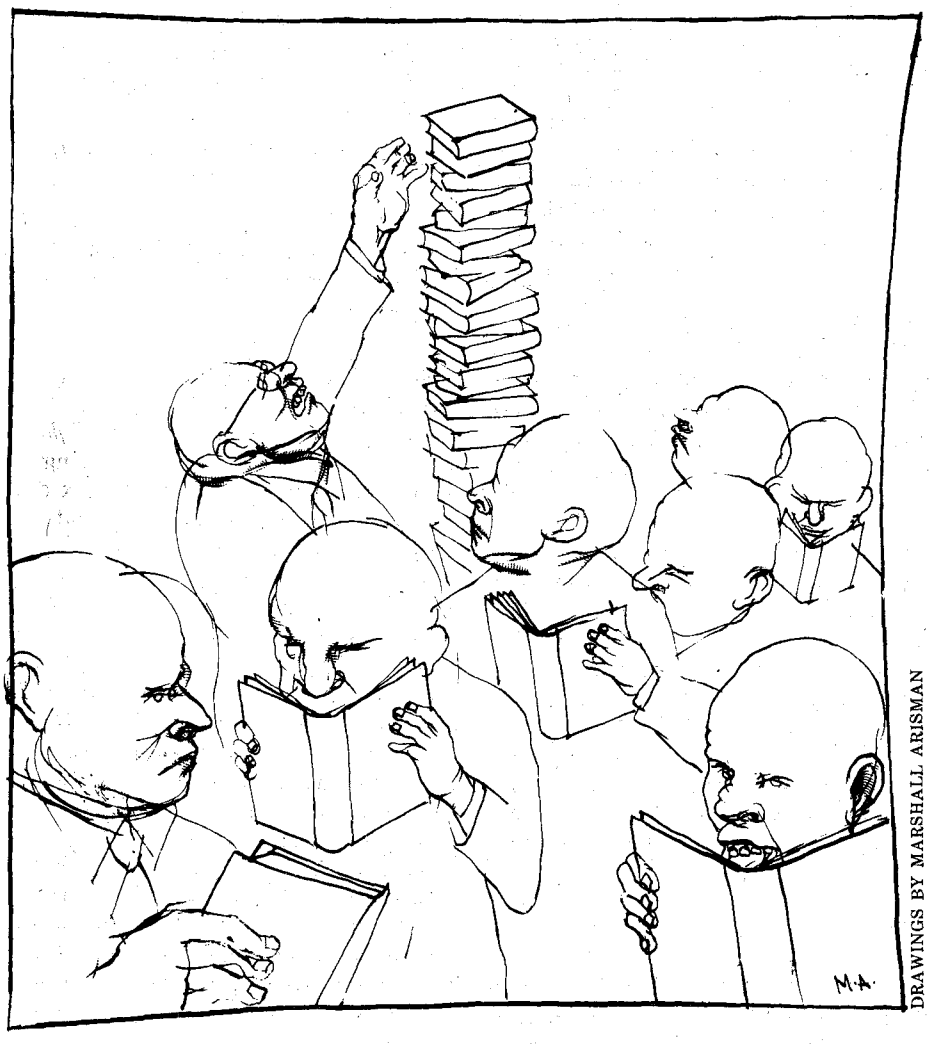
In their books the four ex-spies I have mentioned address this ethical issue with varying degrees of sophistication. Victor Marchetti was the first into print. He took some time before deciding that he should reveal secrets learned during his fourteen years with the C.I.A. His first step, after his disagreement with the agency's policies and practices led to his resignation, was to write a novel about life in the organization. Only after the novel failed to have any impact on the agency or on the public's perception of it did Marchetti decide to write—together with John Marks—*The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence*. Marchetti and Marks argue that the C.I.A. uses secrecy as a shield to protect its freedom of action and to avoid accountability to Congress or the American people. Their book, they claim, merely provides the public with the information it needs, and has a right to have, in order to debate the proper role of intelligence organizations.

Philip Agee is more radical. *Inside the Company* is not a liberal contribution to a debate about the function of the C.I.A. but nothing less than an attempt to disable the agency. Agee writes:

> After twelve years with the agency, I finally understood how much suffering it was causing, that millions of people all over the world had been killed or had had their lives destroyed by the C.I.A. and the institutions it supports. I couldn't sit by and do nothing and so began work on this book.

In keeping with this, *Inside the Company* is a "no holds barred" attack on the C.I.A. The book's blurb claims that Agee names every officer and every agent he encountered during his twelve-year stint in Ecuador, Uruguay, Mexico and Washington. We may be skeptical about this prodigious feat of memory, since Agee admits that his "diary" was written many years after the events, with the aid of newspapers in the British Museum library. But the book certainly contains a lot of names.

By comparison, Frank Snepp's *Decent Interval* is relatively restrained, as we might expect from someone who served the C.I.A. in Vietnam until 1975, resigning only when his employer refused to bestow its blessing on his book about the period leading up to the fall of Saigon. Snepp uses aliases to refer to his former colleagues, unless their cover has already been blown, and he expresses the quaint hope that his book will not "touch anyone's ideological nerve." Snepp's defense of his own breach of the secrecy oath is strictly within the terms of a schoolboy's code of loyalty to those



DRAWINGS BY MARSHALL ARISMAN

Peter Singer, whose essays and reviews have appeared in The New York Review of Books, *is the author of* Democracy and Disobedience *(Oxford University Press),* Animal Liberation *(Avon) and the forthcoming* Practical Ethics *(Cambridge University Press).*

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who play the game, but not to those who don't:

> Because of [the C.I.A.'s] continued assaults on my integrity, and its reluctance to deal candidly with the Vietnam issue, I . . . resolved not to submit *my manuscript* for clearance and censorship, as all former employees-turned-author are required to do. In my view, if the C.I.A. could officially leak to the press to whitewash its role in Vietnam, it had forfeited the right to censor me in the name of security or national interest.

The most recent addition to the ranks of clean-breasted ex-C.I.A. officers is John Stockwell, who stayed with the agency through several years in Africa, a tour of duty in Vietnam and then served as chief of the C.I.A. Angola Task Force, charged with mounting the Kissinger-inspired undercover military operation in that country. In a prefatory note to *In Search of Enemies*, Stockwell goes further than his predecessors in defending his breach of secrecy. He gives four reasons for not being bound by his oath: first, the oath was fraudulently obtained, since he was misinformed by his recruiters about the nature of C.I.A. activities; second, loyalty to the C.I.A. is overridden by loyalty to the United States Constitution which the C.I.A. directors violated when they lied to Congress; third, the public has a right to know what is going on and fourth, the constitutional right to free speech has no exclusion clause for those who have signed C.I.A. oaths.

Do the justifications these four authors offer withstand critical scrutiny? Let us first put their justifications into separate categories according to the ethical arguments implicit in them:

(*1*) *The end justifies the means.* Agee appears to regard the C.I.A. as fundamentally evil, and anything that can stop its activities, including the exposure of C.I.A. agents, as therefore justifiable. This argument could, presumably, also be used in defense of *CounterSpy*, the magazine which named Richard Welch as the C.I.A. station chief in Athens (Welch was killed shortly thereafter) and more recently identified nine Americans in Iran as C.I.A. agents.

(*2*) *The democratic right to know.* Marchetti and Stockwell assert that government secrecy is incompatible with proper democratic control of government policy.

(*3*) *The invalidity of the oath.* Marchetti, Snepp and Stockwell all try to impugn the oath they swore. Marchetti and Stockwell claim the oath violates their First Amendment rights. Snepp says the C.I.A. leaked information in its own interest, so why shouldn't he do the same. Stockwell also asserts that he was misled about what he was swearing to keep secret.

Of these three kinds of justification, the first gives the simplest answer to the basic issue of when disclosures are justifiable. The only question is whether one is prepared to accept the general moral principle that the end justifies the means. But the principle is, of course, a two-edged sword: one cannot use it to justify disclosures and at the same time argue that regardless of the value of *its* goals, the C.I.A. is evil because it uses immoral means to achieve these goals. On the other hand, C.I.A. supporters also cannot denounce the principle that the end justifies the means, since it is the basis of C.I.A. activities. Once the principle is accepted, then, the argument resolves itself into the question: is the C.I.A. a desirable institution?

THE CIA AND THE CULT OF INTELLIGENCE. *By Victor Marchetti and John D. Marks. Alfred A. Knopf. 1974.*

INSIDE THE COMPANY: CIA DIARY. *By Philip Agee. Stonehill. 1975.*

DECENT INTERVAL. *By Frank Snepp. Random House. 1977.*

IN SEARCH OF ENEMIES. *By John Stockwell. W.W. Norton & Company. 1979.*

The democratic right to know is more problematic. Stockwell's talk of "the American people's *unequivocal right* to know what their leaders are doing in America's name and with our tax dollars" (his emphasis) suggests that the American people *want* to know what is done in their name and with their tax dollars. Perhaps they do; but then again, perhaps they don't. Do the Israeli people want to know what the Israeli secret service is doing in their name and with their tax dollars? Not, I am sure, if that means that Palestinian guerrillas would also know. Of course, the American situation is different; but there is nothing inherently improbable about candidates for public office in the United States saying that they think it better that the public should not know certain things, so that the government can better protect the security of the nation. Nor is there anything improba-

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ble about the American people showing, by electing these candidates, that they do not want to know what the C.I.A. is doing. It would be a strange notion of democracy to imply that even under these circumstances the American people must be told all about secret C.I.A. activities. The point is that although, in a democracy, the people may have a right to know what is done in their name and with their tax dollars, it is also the case that in a democracy the people are able to waive that right.

This objection to arguments based on the democratic right to know is not an endorsement of the C.I.A. position. For one thing, if the issue is to be placed before the people so that they can make a democratic choice for or against secrecy, the people must have at least some idea what they are choosing. If C.I.A. directors lie to Congressional committees, as Richard Helms lied over Chile and William Colby lied over Angola, democratic decision making becomes impossible. Congress is supposed to represent the people. If Congress wants to know about security matters this must, in a democratic system, be taken as meaning that the people want to know. So while talk of an "unequivocal right to know" fails to justify disclosure in all circumstances, it succeeds when disclosure reveals that the public's representatives have been significantly misinformed.

Arguments against the validity of the oath of secrecy raise further questions. Snepp is naive to claim that in leaking information he was doing no more than the C.I.A. itself does. The C.I.A., after all, swears no oath of secrecy to its employees. The C.I.A. is—as far as oaths are concerned—perfectly entitled to judge which information it wishes to keep secret and which it doesn't. There is also a certain lack of moral perspective in Snepp's citing a press leak as the one C.I.A. action—among all the things the C.I.A. has done—which causes the agency to forfeit its right to censor him.

Stockwell's assertion that he took the oath after being told by his recruiters that the C.I.A. functioned to gather intelligence and "did not kill, use drugs, or damage people's lives" is contradicted by his own admission, twenty-five pages later, that these same recruiters told him that "coups are engineered only to alter circumstances which jeopardize national security." Did Stockwell imagine that these coups were a bloodless way of gathering intelligence? And in any case, if Stockwell only joined the agency and swore the oath on the basis of misinformation, why did he not resign as soon as he learned the truth? By the time he acquired the information revealed in *In Search of Enemies*, his initial ignorance lay ten years in the past.

The right to freedom of speech seems a more serious basis for breaching an oath but, like all arguments based on rights, it needs care. The fact that I have a right to say something does not mean that I should say it. Thanks to the First Amendment, I have a right to preach racial hatred. This means that if I decide to preach racial hatred, the government is not entitled to stop me. Whether I should preach racial hatred is an entirely different matter. As it happens, I have no desire to exercise my right to preach racial hatred; but if I did want to, there would still be compelling moral reasons against my doing so. Similarly, a C.I.A. agent may have a constitutional right to reveal secrets he has sworn to keep. This means that the government may not be entitled to stop him; and yet there may be a compelling moral reason against a C.I.A. agent exercising his right to reveal secrets. Arguments based on the right to free speech are better suited to stopping government interference with publication than to justifying the decision to publish. (The majority of the Supreme Court in the Pentagon Papers case held that the constitutional right to reveal secrets is not, in fact, absolute: injunctions against disclosure may be granted where disclosure will result in "direct, immediate and irreparable injury to the Nation or its people.")

So we return to the issue of justifying disclosure. Of the arguments considered, the simplest is also the strongest. We have to face the issue of whether, in the particular case under consideration, the end sought justifies the means used.

Agee lists the following countries in which the C.I.A. has been involved in plots to overthrow governments: Iran, the Sudan, Syria, Guatemala, Ecuador, Guyana, Zaire, Ghana, Greece, Chile, Indonesia, the Dominican Republic and Cuba. If we can assume, for the sake of the argument, that this list is right, it isn't easy to grasp the extent of the death and suffering that has resulted from these actions. In Indonesia alone the C.I.A.-inspired coup that removed President Sukarno led to the slaughter of at least half a million people and put hundreds of thousands of others into concentration camps.

Has the C.I.A., in fostering these im-

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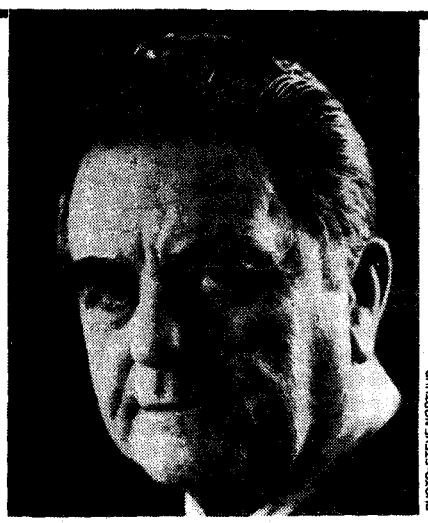

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mense tragedies, done a comparable amount of good? Agee has no difficulty with this question. Having switched from C.I.A. officer to socialist revolutionary, he regards the agency as merely a manifestation of the determination of the ruling class to retain its power and privileges. But even someone more sympathetic to capitalism would be hard-pressed to find much good to weigh against the harm the C.I.A. has done. If all these coups and clandestine operations had been necessary to save the world from Stalinist totalitarianism, we might reconsider; but the available evidence suggests that there was no such necessity. C.I.A. policy was based on assumptions about the unity of "world Communism" that made every new leftist regime an additional threat to the security of the United States. This assumption, which looks particularly silly in the light of recent events in Indochina, could be seen to be false after the 1960 Sino-Soviet split—in other words, well before many C.I.A. plots, including those in Indonesia, Greece and Chile. It is hard to avoid the conclusion that the C.I.A. has deliberately perpetuated a cold-war mentality in order to buttress its own importance. On this basis one can justify the disclosure of secrets in order to expose and bring to an end the harmful and unnecessary clandestine activities of the C.I.A.

If the principle of judging disclosure by its consequences is right, it has application to disclosures of other kinds as well. We cannot say that disclosure is always justified, or that it is never justified. Each case must be treated on its merits. As an example of a different kind of case, take the recent controversy over the proposal to publish details of the construction of hydrogen bombs. Whether or not the proposed article would have revealed any real secrets is controversial; but if it would have, it is clear that telling people how to build a hydrogen bomb has much greater potential to cause harm than disclosing information about the C.I.A. Moreover, the alleged benefits of such an article are remote and uncertain. It has been claimed that showing people how easy it is to build a hydrogen bomb will refute the claim that there is no risk of plutonium stolen from nuclear reactors finding its way into such a bomb. But how many readers will really be able to judge how easy it is to build the bomb, however detailed a description the article provides? And could not the point have been made through expert testimony, without publishing the information in full?

Once some disclosures are said to be justifiable—and in my view some are—the problem is where to draw the line. There is no easy answer to this question; but it would be unfortunate if the recent rash of sensational, but sometimes well-justified, disclosures should lead to a debasement of the currency of disclosure, so that we are faced with further disclosures based more on the desire to gain notoriety and boost sales than on a commitment to stop wrongdoing. □

Bathroom, Bedroom, And Newsroom

ROBERT SHERRILL

EMPIRE: The Life, Legend, and Madness of Howard Hughes. *By Donald L. Barlett and James B. Steele. W.W. Norton & Company. 643 pp. $15.95.*

Donald Barlett and James Steele of *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, the finest team of reporters west of *The Times of London*, herewith present the perfect biography of the weirdest, most fascinating, most god-awful corporate creature you will ever encounter in broad daylight. "The madness of . . . " is putting it mildly. Barlett and Steele's Howard Hughes, brought to life by lightning in a Houston laboratory, clomps his unforgettable way through Hollywood, Las Vegas and all those dark places on the map that are hidden by mountains of empty Kleenex boxes, and everywhere he goes he is trailed relentlessly by ghostly germs and a gang of creepy Mormon munchkins.

Hughes, heir to the Hughes Tool Company fortune, was a courageous pilot and imaginative designer of planes. Other than that, he was a remarkable failure. He threw away many millions as a producer at RKO (symptomatic: he dismissed Cagney as "a runt" and thought Harlow had no appeal). He lost control of Trans World Airlines, and lost a fortune trying to recapture it. When he tried to buy up Las Vegas, he was fleeced like a greenhorn. He ultimately lost control of Hughes Tool Company. The only enterprise bearing his name that was a success, Hughes Aircraft Company, avoided his curse by being a ward of the Pentagon.

Though he was a terrible bungler, Hughes was also infinitely crafty, as he showed when he gave his stock in Hughes Aircraft to his new, completely phony "charity," the Howard Hughes Medical Institute, to keep the Pentagon from pulling out its contracts. (The Howard Hughes Medical Institute seldom gave more than .6 percent of its income to charity, in fact, and would never serve as anything but one big tax break for Hughes—something that the Internal Revenue Service was willing to overlook because of Hughes's loans to the Nixon family and because of his services to the F.B.I. and the C.I.A.)

He showed his craftiness again in 1956, when he feared that his top underlings might have him declared mentally incompetent. To prevent this and for no other apparent reason, Hughes married actress Jean Peters, knowing that "an involuntary commitment, or a court-supervised guardianship, would be difficult if not impossible to arrange without the cooperation of Jean."

No amount of craftiness, however, could turn back the onslaughts of nature. He suffered one mental breakdown in 1944, and in 1958 he suffered his second, and most damaging, breakdown.

"For weeks," write Barlett and Steele, "Hughes wore the same white shirt and brown slacks. Then one day he discarded his clothes and went about naked. . . . Because he refused to touch doorknobs, when he wanted to leave the studio to go to the bathroom in the lobby, he walked to the door and kicked it, a signal for one of the aides in the projection booth to come out and open the door. Suffering from severe bouts of constipation, most likely as a result of his prolonged usage of codeine [Hughes had been a drug addict since using painkillers after his 1946 plane crash], Hughes sat in the bathroom for long periods, once for twenty-six hours. He was as likely to urinate on the floor as in the toilet, but he refused to allow the janitors to clean, choosing instead to spread paper towels around. . . ."

Later, deteriorating further, he "threw tantrums" and "spent almost all his time sitting naked in [a white

Robert Sherrill is The Nation's *White House correspondent.*

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"Carey McWilliams doesn't cash in on trends, he makes them."—Nicholas von Hoffman

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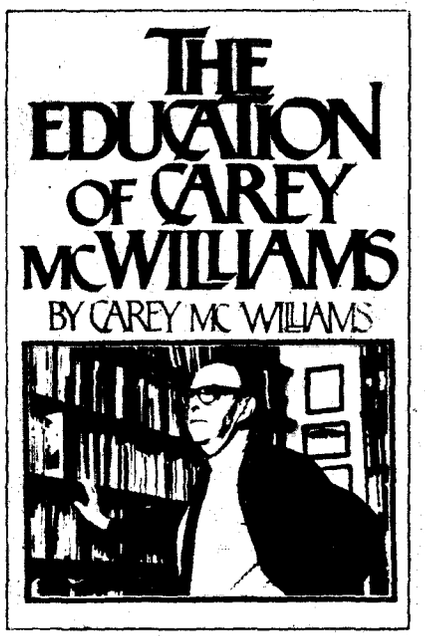

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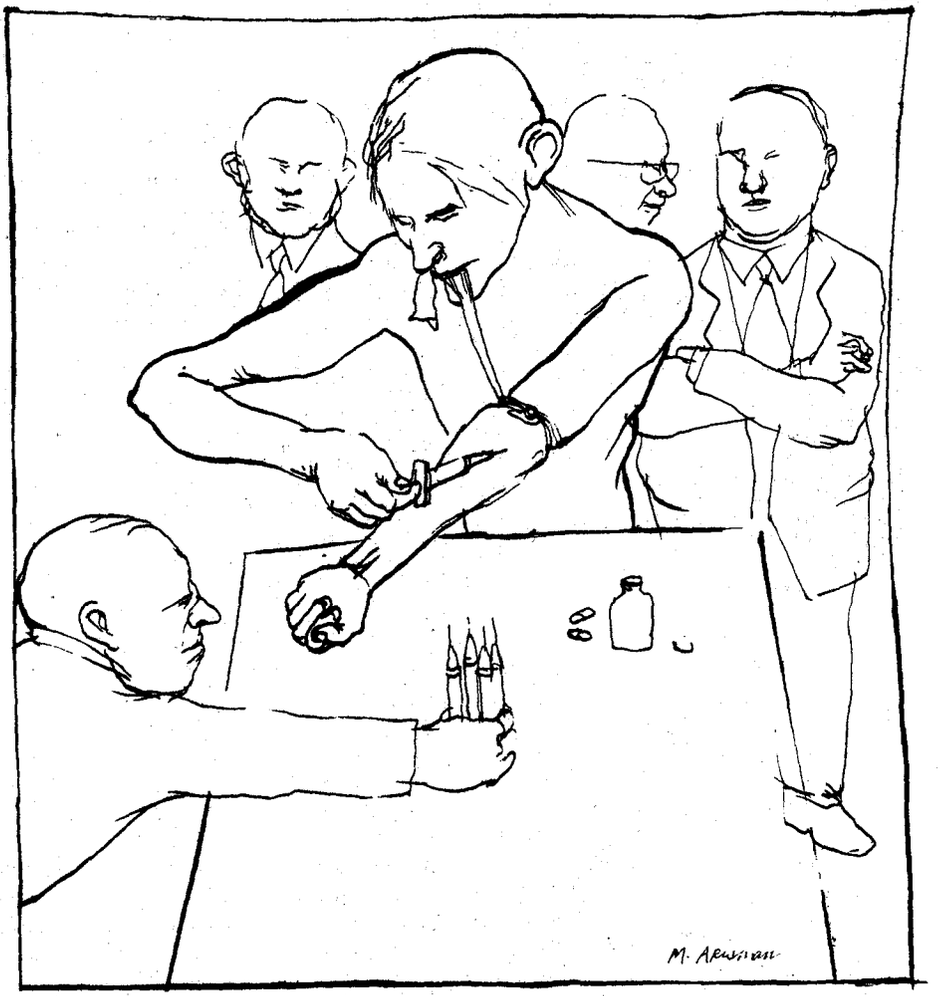

leather chair] in the center of the living room—an area he called the 'germ-free zone'—his long legs stretched out on the matching ottoman facing a movie screen, watching one motion picture after another. . . ."

He wrote long memos to his drivers and aides, on how to open cans of fruit, on how to remove his hearing aid from the medicine cabinet (with "five or six thicknesses of Kleenex"), on how to escort Jean Peters to the movies: "If it is necessary to open the doors entering the theater or closing the doors, do so with the feet, not the hands. If it is necessary . . . to lower the seat for her, do so with Kleenex."

Some critics—quite a few, in fact—complained that Woodward and Bernstein were unnecessarily cruel in *The Final Days* to tell of Nixon's drunkenness, his falling on his knees to pray with Kissinger, his weepiness, his shunning of Mrs. Nixon's bed, et cetera, contending that these personal things had no bearing on his conduct as President. Even so, in the same spirit, some critics will probably charge Barlett and Steele with unnecessary invasion of Hughes's privacy in this extensive catalogue of his scatological habits, his intimate insanities, his nuptial failings (Jean Peters apparently slept with him but rarely, and on those occasions regretted it because she was kept awake by Hughes's habit of clicking his long toenails together; she would try to get some sleep by sticking Kleenex between his toes.) The complaint will be that these things have nothing to do with Hughes's corporate life.

It is quite true that Barlett and Steele could have eliminated the bathroom-bedroom side of Hughes's existence and still have a truly masterful account of a Byzantine business operation, a biography that would easily rank with, say, Ida Tarbell's biography of John D. Rockefeller and Standard Oil. But if they had not included the literally naked Hughes—usually (for the last dozen years or so) wearing nothing at all, at other times wearing a shirt but no pants, or occasionally wrapped in a blanket—skinny as a concentration camp inmate, teeth loose and rotten, massively enlarged prostate and shrunken kidneys, hair down to his shoulders; living in darkened rooms watching endless replays of third-rate old movies, shooting narcotics and

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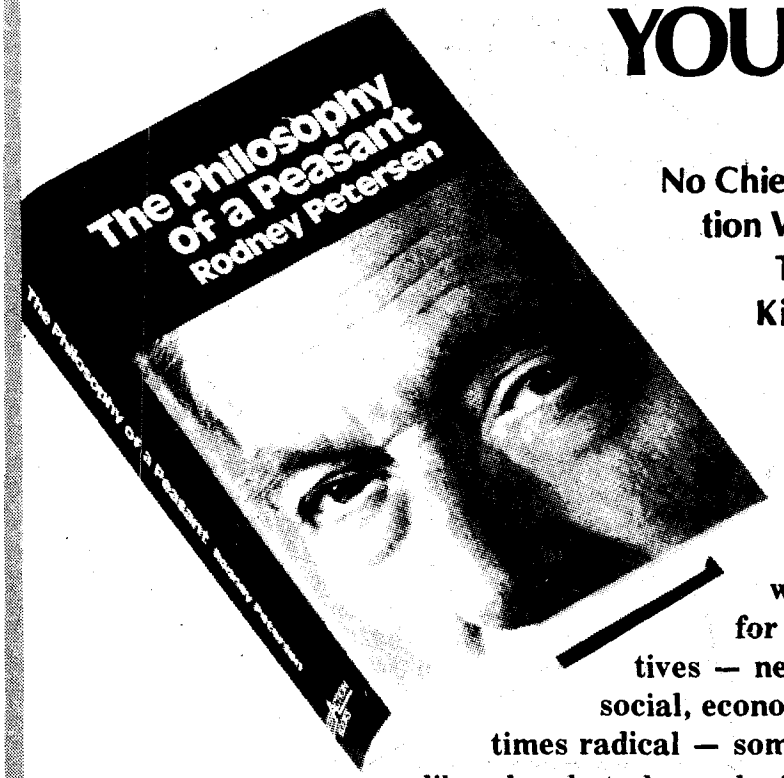

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gulping tranquilizers (in one twelve-hour period he took sixty-eight times the recommended dosage of Valium); giving one man $200 a month as a reward for rescuing him from a burning plane and paying another man $500 a day to stand by in case he needed an enema; leaving hotels by the fire escape—without a full and intimate portrayal of that side of Hughes we would not be able to appreciate a crucial element of the Hughes drama: how this billion-dollar business empire was so successfully and shamelessly exploited by underlings and by the Government. Cut off from the world, cut off from reality, Hughes was an easy victim.

He became a Lear-like figure, pitifully abused, and if he had been a nicer person, one would weep for the way he was treated by his aides. Those in the innermost circle were mostly Mormons. Not since Catholic crusaders pillaged the Holy Lands has a religious group done so well for itself.

"If Howard Hughes had had a friend in the world in 1958," write Barlett and Steele, "that person would now have encouraged or arranged psychiatric care for him before it was too late. But, always the loner, Hughes had no true friends and no close family ties, no one to say, 'Howard, you need help.' Instead, those around him did just the opposite. They encouraged his wildest obsessive-compulsive actions. . . . They catered to his every demand, no matter how bizarre, no matter how irrational, no matter how degrading, no matter how foolish or injurious to his personal or corporate well-being, and they helped create the make-believe world in which he lived."

The conscious pandering to Hughes's insanity, Barlett and Steele tell us, was done by aides of little talent who would have probably stayed at the bottom in the normal world but "in Hughes's topsy-turvy world . . . assured themselves of fabulous salaries, lavish expense accounts. . . ."

With their help, Hughes "succeeded in exchanging a legacy worth billions of dollars for failing businesses awash in red ink. And he had simply frittered away . . . at least $1 billion, quite possibly twice that."

But the Government was no less ruthless. Especially the C.I.A. It knew of Hughes's madness. All the better for its purposes. C.I.A. Director William Colby pretended that the $350 million *Glomar Explorer* was a ship owned by Hughes for deep-sea mining and that the C.I.A. had just sort of "borrowed" it to use in raising a Russian submarine. In fact, as Barlett and Steele prove, Hughes did not own the *Glomar*, knew nothing of its existence, and was too crazy to have used it if he had known about it. He was at that time spending his days shooting drugs, watching Bulldog Drummond movies, and "trying to decide when and if to have an enema." The billionaire madman had become, in short, nothing but a C.I.A. prop.

Empire proves that when the biographical subject is a politician, corporate executive, or inheritor of great wealth—when the subject is anyone who has had a powerful influence on our politics or our economy or our comforts—then questions of good taste or fair play are beside the point. Everything that biographers can tell us about such people should be told, if the information will help us to understand those who dominate our lives and will help us to figure out ways to counter that domination.

It will be useful, for example, if future biographers of Hubert Humphrey dig into the serious question of whether he was a draft dodger in World War II—a probability (based on available records) that so far only right-wing biographers have dealt with, and they were scorned for doing so. But might this not be one reason Humphrey became such a raving hawk? It will be useful, also, if future biographers of Lyndon Johnson tell us more about his raunchy side; such, for example, as was true: that sometimes, at his ranch, he would urinate in the kitchen sink instead of the toilet if the sink was more convenient; that on one occasion he urinated in Senator Dirksen's office washbowl because he didn't feel like walking to the nearby bathroom; that he once commanded a well-known in-law to arise from the toilet, pants still around his ankles, and hobble swiftly down the hallway to execute an order; that he frequently held court with White House aides and even Cabinet members while he was sitting on the toilet making animal noises; that he once gave a reporter (whom he hated) a two-hour interview during which Johnson was naked at all times (at one point Johnson climbed aboard his exercycle and pedaled madly away, gonads flying, while he continued to talk to the reporter); that on several occasions when Johnson was Vice President, he telephoned from his Texas ranch to selected Washington reporters that he was lonely and that if they would fly down to visit him he would have one of his female employees service them (one reporter who got the offer was so flabbergasted he asked Johnson if the female being offered knew of the offer; L.B.J. put her on the line to confirm it).

Such episodes, I think, tell us a great deal about how Johnson viewed himself, how he viewed others, what value he put on other people's feelings. They might help explain his politics.

So far we have moved very slowly toward the kind of reasonable candor that should be applied to political biography. Foolish inhibitions kept reporters, or their editors, or both, from telling us of Russell Long's drunkenness during the late 1960s—a drunkenness so profound that on at least one occasion he lay down on the Senate floor to sleep it off. Reporters and editors also knew of Wilbur Mills's alcoholic problems; indeed, some reporters even accompanied him, from time to time, to the Silver Slipper, where Fanne Foxe performed. But not until Mills had his fuss at the Tidal Basin and later tripped a drunken fantastic on a Boston burlesque stage with Ms. Foxe did we learn—from him, not from the press independently—that alcohol had reduced him to a virtual blank in 1972, 1973 and 1974.

Between them, Long and Mills controlled the two most important money committees in Congress and yet one or the other of them was in a stupor from the mid-1960s to the mid-1970s—without the public's being informed of it. Dr. Morris E. Chafetz, former director of the National Institute of Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism, puts it correctly: "We don't talk about one's drinking behavior, and I think we do a disservice to the individual and perhaps to the country. We don't take umbrage at reporting that Justice Douglas has had a stroke. But if a person in a position of responsibility takes a drug such as alcohol that anesthetizes him, it goes unreported."

It used to be that only "naughty" reporters like Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson would tell the world about the mental aberrations, alcoholism and drug addiction of public figures like James Forrestal, Joe McCarthy and Mendel Rivers—and they generally caught hell from the establishment press for doing so; they were accused, for example, of driving Forrestal to suicide. That sort of outcome is not the least of the bonuses that may await us if naughty reporting moves into the mainstream, a development of which *Empire* may be a wonderful portent. □

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The Indispensable Informer

AMES BOYD

Fourteen years ago—not enough time, I fear, to gain a wise perspective on one's feuds—I and three confederates began forming to Jack Anderson against ir longtime employer, Senator Thom- J. Dodd (D., Conn.). Under Ander- n's learned coaching we reconstruct- l a vast array of petty chiselings hich, taken one by one, were not spec- icular but in the aggregate added up a "take" in the hundreds of thousands dollars.

Publication of these revelations be- an in the Pearson-Anderson column in anuary 1966; there followed tempestu- us years of trial by press and trial by enate. In the end, Dodd was formally censured by the Senate, denied renomination by his party, and defeated at the polls when he ran for re-election as an independent. Meanwhile, we four informers did not escape the suspicions of our countrymen, fueled by accusations from the Dodd camp that we were in the pay of Drew Pearson, or were under the direction of the international Communist conspiracy, or were vengeful members of a sex ring which the upright Dodd had broken up. As a matter of course, we were blacklisted from Congressional and related employment, for the vogue of the "whistle blower" had not yet arrived. But in this benignly pluralistic society we were able gradually to re-establish ourselves in nongovernmental fields, and in time the great wrangle faded into the almost forgotten past, except for recurring shafts of regret over an old and central relationship brought to grief.

But every so often I am asked about

ames Boyd is the author, with Jack nderson, of Confessions of a Muck- aker *(Random House).*

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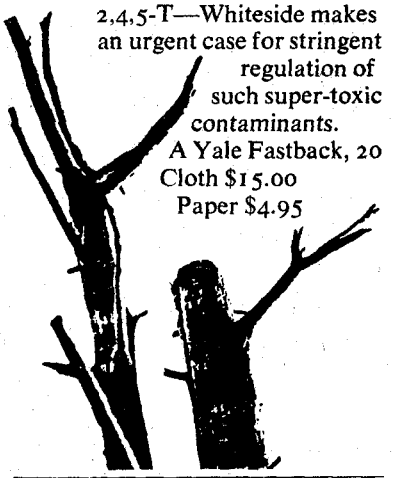

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squealing: What motivates an informer? Can a turncoat be trusted? Didn't I feel a bit sleazy peaching on my chief? What happened to old-fashioned loyalty and privacy? What are the ethical limits? Well, perhaps the way to begin is to chart my own metamorphosis as an informer.

As an unpaid Dodd volunteer through the years of defeat and hope, and a well-paid chief of staff in the years of victory and incumbency, I knew as well as the next person the pulls, pains and rewards of loyalty. I became the administrator of a large staff that I had to acknowledge comprised two basic types of employees: Group A, hired to work and judged by performance; and Group B, put on the payroll by Dodd for personal or political considerations and never judged. Group B members were wont to sit around in a comradely circle polishing their "loyalty to the Senator" as their stock in trade, all the while brewing plots to spike the naturally growing influence of Group A.

In coping with the staff demoralization that "loyalty" caused, I began to entertain subversive thoughts: at its least harmful, the pol's loyalty was merely a rationalization for a perpetual free ride, first-class, at public expense. A more harmful side surfaced in the aftermath of Dodd's 1964 re-election victory. Simply put, half the money raised for his campaign, most of it fr government-oriented business intere didn't get spent; instead it disappea into Dodd's private coffers and was h den by falsifying the official campai finance reports. Dodd's accomplices this embezzlement were from the "loy ty" wing of the staff. When I began quiring into it, more in curiosity th mutiny, and the Senator intercepted m it caused the first great explosion in o eleven-year association. Overnight, was seen to have entered the realm the semi-disloyal. The true mark of a legiance was an unquestioning cor plicity.

I was by now disabused of the low loyalty myself, but had not yet weighe the ins and outs of the higher loyalt owed to the public by a public en ployee. Removed from Dodd's office, t the accompaniment of locksmith changing the locks, but retained on hi payroll at top salary and given odd job I was adrift in a limbo apparently ca culated to chasten my spirit. It had no yet occurred to me to try to turn Dod in; propriety asked no more, I thought than that I separate myself from him find the means to support a large fam ily, and start over again somewhere But Dodd made it clear to me that he would not allow me to settle anywhere else. I must return to his table, at a slightly lower place, or be *persona non grata* as far as his influence ran, which was very far indeed.

This carrot and stick coercion stripped me of illusions. I could not hide from myself that to be a safe dog, which I wanted to be, I must be a whipped dog. It humiliated me profoundly, made me mad, showed me what is lost when abuse of power is not resisted. Pride and anger are not the best motives for rebellion, which is what informing often is, but there you are.

In considering the informer, remember that he is indispensable in a society in which impenetrable, out-of-control organizations run rings around legal restraints and regularly mangle and defraud the remotest citizen. Without the inside witness, the criminal justice system, as it impinges on public officialdom anyway, would be a nullity.

The informer's motives are sometimes lofty—to right a wrong, to stop an abuse, to puncture insufferable hypocrisy, to punish arrogant guilt—and sometimes low—to gain prosecutorial immunity, avenge a personal wound, reduce a rival, attract attention. No matter. The journalist or prosecutor would be wise, and usually is, not to let the motive be decisive. The cast-aside

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over may be more reliable in a given situation than the idealist promoting a cause. Helen Campbell, who turned in J. Parnell Thomas, the House Un-American Activities Committee hero, to Drew Pearson for taking salary kickbacks, was acting in reprisal for Thomas's taking a new mistress; yet she was most meticulous in her facts. John Dean, singing in self-defense, was a prodigy of accurate recollection. So, be receptive to the informer. Encourage him with a rousing show of empathy, for he is usually divided within himself, sensitive to disapproval and easy to drive away. Then relieve your scruples by the diligence with which you check out his allegations.

I have assumed here that we are not considering gossip or exposés of private vices. The informer's act is justified only by offenses against the public trust. He will be sorely tempted, once he gets rolling, to spew out everything in his memory bag, for the standard tactic used against him by Senator or President is well-orchestrated personal vilification. Here is where the informer needs guidance from the weathered journalist, for he is usually ignorant of the protocol of blackguarding and does not know that the public demands from him a higher standard than from his targets. In any event, this problem will soon be moot, for standards of "private morality" are so widely debauched that one will soon be hard-pressed to come up with a quirk or wrinkle that, if it does not bore altogether, will not arouse for the accused more public identification than hostility.

There is a larger question of privacy than the revelation of nongermane antics. At one point during its Dodd investigation, the Senate Select Committee on Ethics announced that it would not interrogate under oath current members of Dodd's staff unless he volunteered them. The reason given for encouraging this gap in the evidence was that to grill the Senator's official family was to invade a privileged relationship and violate his privacy. The implication was that the inside informer likewise trampled on the rights of the official.

This was no more than the assertion of clique privilege. The Senate admitted as much by totally repudiating the doctrine in its pursuit of President Nixon, as did the courts. If, even before tribunals and courts of law, the official accused of high crimes and misdemeanors cannot legally lock his insiders—the only ones who really know—in the collusion of silence, surely there is no such right or ethic standing between the insider and the press.

The real ethical problem threatening society in this area is the preponderance of public (and private) employees who will studiously ignore crimes going on about them in order to protect their paychecks, their advancement and their peer rapport. Consider the General Services Administration. Unless draconian ways are found to flush out the complicitous, the fraud epidemic which Deputy Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti concedes is rampant throughout the Government will continue to spread, checked only sporadically by the hardhead who turns informer. □

Reverse Leaks

AARON LATHAM

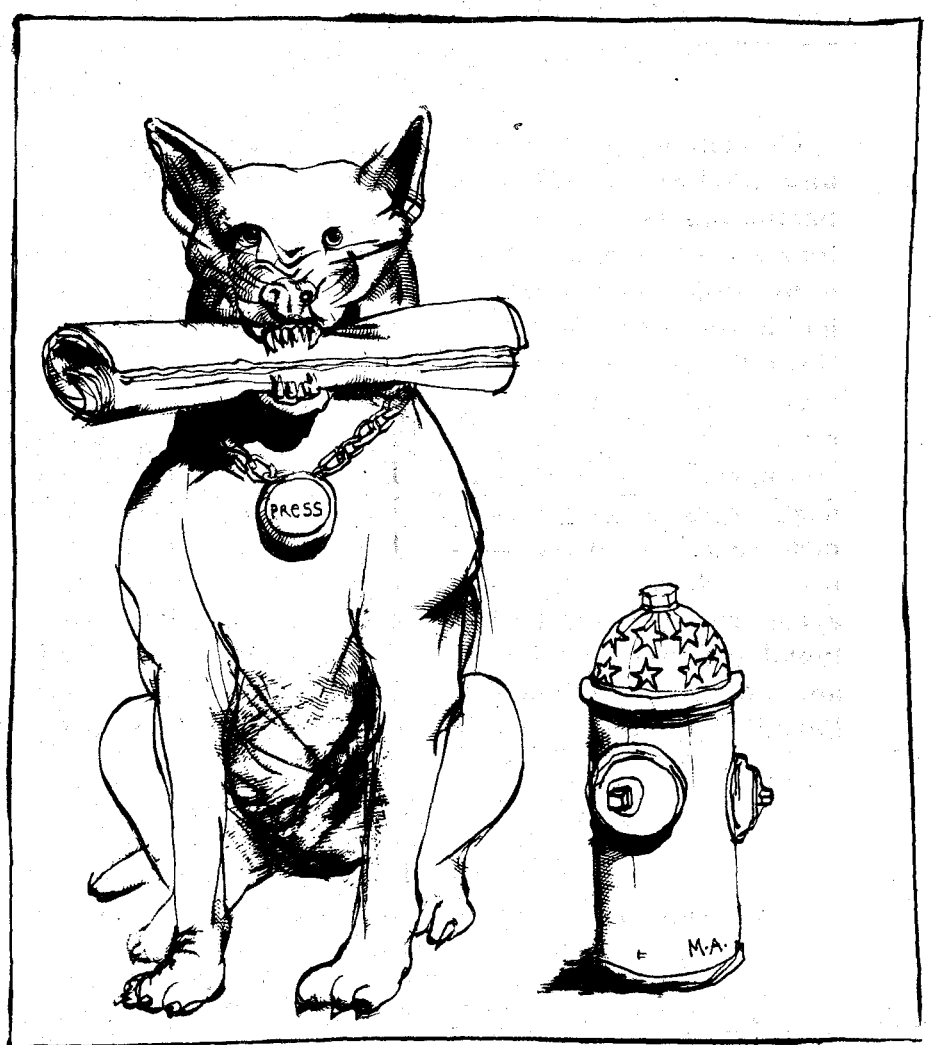
CONFESSIONS OF A MUCKRAKER. *By Jack Anderson and James Boyd. Random House. 384 pp. $12.95.*

The way it usually works is the government leaks to the press, but sometimes the press leaks to the government. This reverses the natural order of things, as if the ocean flowed uphill to a river's source, spreading killing salt as it went . . . as if surgeons put cancers into patients . . . as if sewage reversed directions in its pipes.

Which brings us to Jack Anderson.

For Anderson once agreed to leak the names of suspected Communists to—Joe McCarthy! It happened in 1950 in the wake of Senator McCarthy's initial witch-hunt speech in Wheeling, W. Va., where he boasted that he held in his hands the names of 205 Communists who were "shaping policy in the State Department." Of course, he held no

Aaron Latham is the author of Orchids for Mother *(Little, Brown), a spy novel, and is an editor of* Esquire.



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such thing. So when he was challenged to back up his speech, he went on a frenzied Red hunt. And he called his old friend Jack Anderson to help him in his quest for victims.

"As I recall, the decision to help McCarthy was almost automatic," Anderson admits in his new book, *Confessions of a Muckraker*. "I went to our offices, sifted through our files and pulled out what I thought was the most promising."

Then Anderson walked his loathsome leak over to Joe McCarthy's Senate office. The muckraker explained to the witch hunter that the information in the file was unsubstantiated, but he was welcome to the rumors if he wanted them. While McCarthy was reading through the file—"This is terrific"—he received a telephone call which he felt he had to take.

"It's Dick Nixon," McCarthy explained to Anderson. "I've been twisting his arm to give me the current Un-American Activities Committee files."

Politics makes strange trinities. Joe McCarthy and Richard Nixon—and Jack Anderson! And Anderson and Nixon were running exactly the same errand for McCarthy. They were both fetching him reputations to ruin.

McCarthy and Nixon and Anderson! Anderson and Nixon and McCarthy just can't get over it.

Leaks are an escape valve which lows government officials, high a low, to release the bureaucratic pois which builds up in the system. Lea usually have a purging effect. Corru boils are lanced. Festering secrets a exposed to the light. But when the pre leaks to the government it simply ad to the poison in the system.

When questions of disclosure arise, believe the rule should be: the pre should never withhold the gover ment's secrets from the people b should always withhold the people's s crets from the government.

I am an absolutist when it comes this rule. In general, I believe the mo the government wants to prevent th publication of a secret, the greater the need to publish it. And the more th government seeks to pry a secret out c the press, the greater is the responsibi ity to keep it.

Investigative reporters often quit properly accuse government officials o conflicts of interest. But the press itsel becomes guilty of conflict of interes once it begins leaking to the govern ment. For once the press starts making disclosures to the government any place

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out on the newsstands, the press becomes a partner of the government, its accessory. But how can the press be both the government's accessory and its accuser? its partner and its watchdog?

Back in 1950 when Jack Anderson was helping to launch McCarthyism, he was a young reporter who worked for columnist Drew Pearson. But Anderson did not tell Pearson he was leaking to McCarthy, so he found himself in something of a bind when his boss decided to attack the witch hunter. Here was the classic dilemma of the reporter who is in bed with the government and cannot afford to do much kicking. Anderson sought to resolve his conflict of interest by trying to talk Pearson out of criticizing McCarthy.

"He is our best source on the Hill," Anderson protested.

"He may be a good source, Jack," Pearson said, "but he's a bad man."

In the end, the boss prevailed. And Anderson switched from leaking to McCarthy to attacking him. But there was no way ever to retrieve the files already turned over. There was no way to return the bite to the apple.

Jack Anderson may have sometimes shown bad judgment, but he has written a good book. A part of what makes it so good is the way he presents his own mistakes so readily and objectively, almost as if he were seeing himself from the outside, almost as if he were describing someone else. Which is exactly what happened, of course. A writer named James Boyd actually wrote Anderson's *Confessions* for him. They share a byline. Perhaps Anderson was so ready to put Boyd's name on the book because Pearson had been so slow to put Anderson's name on the column.

Confessions of a Muckraker is about Anderson's years with Pearson. Pearson never collaborated with McCarthy but that was because the columnist hated the Senator, not because he saw anything wrong with a reporter leaking to the government. Actually, one of the themes of *Confessions* is how closely Pearson worked with the government over which he kept watch. Of course, he often worked closely at his peril.

Once, working with the government led to Pearson's losing a libel case. Anderson writes of his mentor: "Over the years he was sued hundreds of times, for an aggregate amount of more than $200 *million*; he lost only once in court, paying a $40,000 judgment to Norman Littell." Anderson does not go on to explain *why* the case was lost, but the victorious lawyer, Edward Bennett Williams, once explained it to me—with great satisfaction.

Pearson had reported that the Justice Department was investigating charges that Littell was a foreign agent. What Pearson failed to mention in his column was that he himself had made the charges to Justice which was why they were investigating.

Drew Pearson leaked his Littell file to the government. But then the government turned around and leaked the file to the accused man's lawyer: Williams. (In this case, the leaker was none other than President Harry S. Truman.) Armed with the file, Williams was able to show in court where the charges reported in the column originated. The press leaker was defeated by a leak of his own leak.

Perhaps the costliest reverse leak revealed in the book concerned one of the most celebrated Washington cases of all time. This leak by Pearson was in a sense a paradigm for Anderson's later leak to McCarthy. Anderson-Boyd write: "Drew had information that Alger Hiss was a Communist a year or two before he was publicly named, but unable to substantiate it, had quietly passed it on to the government."

So Drew Pearson played some part in setting in motion the Hiss case which would itself launch Richard Nixon. Pearson would later become a bitter foe of Nixon, but he nonetheless helped create the moral Frankenstein monster of our time.

The columnist tried hard to undo what he had done, but without success. Pearson died with Nixon in the White House. It was as impossible to retrieve a leak as to return the papers to the pumpkin. □

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The Cloud of Unknowing

RICHARD GILMAN

JACQUELINE BOUVIER KENNEDY ONASSIS. *By Stephen Birmingham. Grosset & Dunlap. 242 pp. $12.95.*

JACKIE OH! *By Kitty Kelley. Lyle Stuart. 352 pp. $12.*

In *The Present Age* Kierkegaard wrote "If we could suppose for a moment that there was a law which did not forbid people talking, but simply ordered that everything which was spoken about should be treated as though it happened fifty years ago, the gossips would be done for, they would be in despair." Gossip doesn't have to be about the immediate present but it does have to deal with matters that still directly engage and affect those who gossip and those who listen to them. One urgency of gossip is its fever to keep abreast of secrets, to make sure that nothing escapes its continuing raid on privacy; the dead, and even the very old, are usually beyond its reach. The unknown and the known. As Kierkegaard went on to say, in gossip "the vital distinction between what is private and what is public is obliterated and everything is reduced to a kind of private-public." The damage is greater than we might think.

Some years ago there was a cartoon in *The New Yorker* which showed several people sitting in rockers on the veranda of a house at the edge of a jungle and idly watching an enormous gorilla carrying off a struggling blonde girl. The caption was: "I can't imagine what he sees in her." This has always seemed to me a splendid comment on the foolishness of speculating about others' sexual or marital lives, surely the chief subject of gossip. Although there's a moral case against gossip, a stronger one might be what we could call epistemological: there is simply no way of *knowing* about private lives. All gossip, whatever its surface of fact, is inaccuracy at best and untruth at worst.

Naturally, this sobering thought doesn't sober up people who gossip—which means, at one time or another, nearly all of us—for the same reason that a charge of immorality won't faze the immoral. What impels people who gossip and, with a special sort of sadness, those who consume the products of its professional purveyors, is the belief that a fact is the same as a value, that, indeed, a fact, or a shred of one, wrested from the hiddenness of others' lives, has a special value, which is that of setting things right, bringing about a rough, mean justice. What gossipers are interested in is an appearance of truth but a reality of power.

The power here is of an animistic kind, a magical means of affecting others, or at least their images, reducing them, putting them in their places, which of course are right next to ours, all of us, the noted and the nondescript alike, becoming bound up in a mutuality of appetites and ambitions, delinquencies and moral failures. It's a means of diminishing the power of others, whatever sort that might be—that of the boss, for example, the richer

Richard Gilman is the author of the forthcoming Decadence: The Strange Life of an Epithet *(Farrar, Straus & Giroux).*

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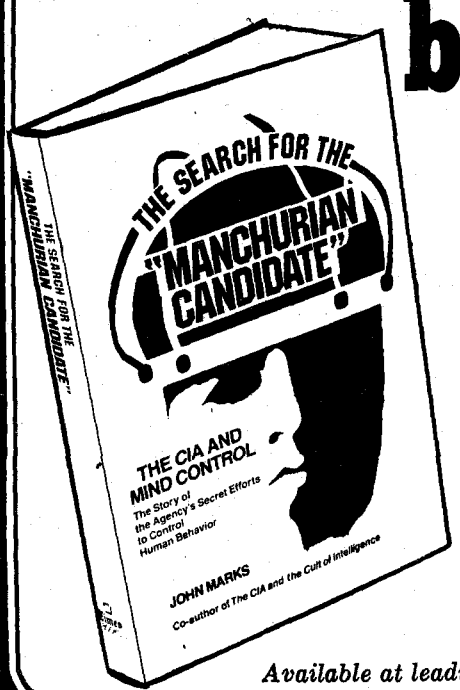
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neighbor, the upstart, the claimant to moral superiority, above everything the celebrity, the star.

This isn't to say there may be no other constituents of the penchant for gossip, high and low. We wish, it's said, to live vicariously, those of us with dull existences at any rate. Gossip is useful, we're told, to deflate moral pretension; it humanizes the mighty, making them believable; it turns the stranger into someone thinkable, a being of the same moral species. Still, whatever the significance of these notions, they seem to me thin and obvious next to the idea of gossip as power. The dictionary comes to my support. Our word "gossip" derives from Old English, "God's sibb," or relative. Its earliest use in British dialect was to denote the person we designate now by the word "godfather," someone who ritually stands in the place of God to someone else. The corruption of the word into its implication of playing God by purporting to know the secrets of others, or the true meaning of their actions, is abundantly clear.

If such thinking as I've engaged in seems abstract, the two books I've been asked to review bring it beautifully to earth. Jackie Onassis is undoubtedly, as Stephen Birmingham writes, "our greatest, most tantalizing, most exasperating celebrity," or as Kitty Kelley says with uncharacteristic and so most likely unconscious wit, "the world's greatest living human tourist attraction." The metaphor is nearly exact: she is like the Taj Mahal or the Alamo, a locus of glamour and history, of riches and fateful events. As such she is the person who has occasioned more gossip —or more attempts at gossip—than anyone else in our time. And the gap between what gossip says and what may be true of her is therefore wider than in any other case.

Around her swirl all the winds of fascination, envy, resentment, awe, the elements of a raging desire to compel her, through a conversion of the private into the public, to be stripped of her mystery, which mysteriousness is of course what has drawn us to her in the first place. This is indeed the irony that bristles around all gossip about the eminent or notorious (and even about our aloof colleague or neighbor): it is their difference that attracts us but their similarity to us that we crave to see established.

Birmingham's book purports to be a serious biography, while Kitty Kelley's makes no such pretense, which is why the latter is a bit more entertaining, if that's the right word for the series of embarrassing titillations we undergo. But both contain almost nothing save gossip on a narrow basis of "facts." Though their styles differ—Birmingham is more pompous—their level of intelligence is the same; both are dumb, aggressively so, with that type of stupidity which always reveals itself in any attempt to play God. The revelation is of the contrast between what we know of ourselves and so, by extension, of general human experience (if, that is, we know anything about ourselves, in which case we might feel some scruples about gossiping) and what we are being offered in this instance: the life of someone reported by a God without imagination or, more accurately, with a foolish one.

Consider these speculations of Birmingham's:

> She may have thought—escape! Damn their hides, she may have thought, I will show them I can do exactly as I want, thumb my nose at the slobs, go off to Greece where there's a man who wants me, who can protect me from this sort of thing, where I can slip out of my girdle and lie in the sun.
>
> Caroline was old enough to be deeply affected, even traumatized, by the murder of her father, whom she worshipped, and by the later murder of her uncle Bob. . . . For years she shuddered at even a photograph of a firearm. She was old enough, too, to respond to the death of her infant brother, and to be aware of her parents' grief over that loss. Perhaps it was to offset these dark memories that Jackie tried to infuse Caroline's life with beauty, art, style, elegance.

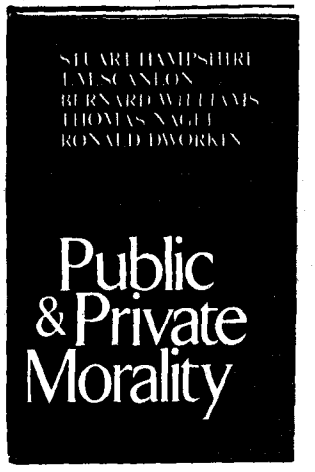
Or these reports of Kelley's:

> Jackie liked to sip daiquiris and linger over the candlelit table [in the White House], talking about foreign films or art.
>
> At Robert Kennedy's insistence Jackie tried to be happy.

The obtuseness extends into every realm, not least the moral. Birmingham is discussing the financial pinch felt by Jack Bouvier, Jackie's father, in her childhood: "In 1935, however, something nice happened. Old Michel Bouvier [a rich relative] died, the day after Jackie's 6th birthday." Kelley is talking about J.F.K.'s relationship with Jackie's sister: "Kennedy was . . . fond of Lee and always looked forward to her visits and the gossipy little stories she would bring him about who was sleeping with whom in London and Paris. . . . 'He was interested in everything [Lee is quoted as saying], that kind of life-enhancing vitality was very much part of him.'"

Life-enhancing vitality! But lest we think that perhaps the asininity belongs to Kelley's source, and not her, it

CAMBRIDGE



PUBLIC AND PRIVATE MORALITY

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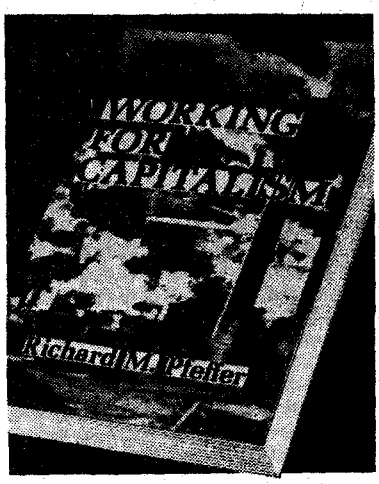

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ought to be noted that almost nothing she claims to be quoting has the slightest ring of authenticity. Is it possible to imagine Joseph Kennedy and his son in this dialogue: "By God, Jack, she's got zipperoo. . . . Jackie's a girl with a mind of her own—a girl like us." "You betcha she is."? Or Jack saying "I'm going to have to muzzle the First Lady."? Or Jackie telling Arthur Schlesinger Jr. that "I cast only one vote—for Jack. It is a rare thing to be able to vote for one's husband for President of the United States, and I didn't want to dilute it by voting for anyone else."? (In the remote possibility that Kelley is quoting Schlesinger quoting Jackie, then I don't believe *him*.)

Quotes are of course a type of facts, and since nearly all the facts available to Birmingham and Kelley are available to everyone else, the books, as gossip, have to invent at every turn. And so everything is suspect. Do you believe that Kenneth, the hairdresser, "moaned," when doing Jackie's hair for the Inauguration, "she is too beautiful," as Birmingham says he did? Do you believe that "during the President's private parties his girlfriends ran around nude, plunging in and out of the swimming pool and streaking through the White House corridors," as Kelley tells us? On many points the two books are totally at odds. Kelley reports Jackie as having had electroshock therapy; Birmingham makes no mention of it. Kelley says that Jackie was unpopular with men during her college days, while Birmingham writes that when she "departed for her year in France, there was a sense of loss felt throughout much of the male college population in the East."

Well, Rilke once said that fame is "the sum of the untruths that have accumulated around a person." Gossip isn't confined to the famous, but when it does traffic in celebrity the lies it disseminates take on the status of archetypes; gossip, the itch for power through knowing what ought not and can't be known, corrupts actuality into a series of mistaken identities, a hopelessly misinterpreted text. Laudisi, the *raisonneur* of Pirandello's *Right You Are*, the supreme literary work about the folly of gossip, lays bare its nature: "They all want the truth—*a* truth that is: something specific, something concrete! They don't care what it is. All they want is something categorical."

Birmingham speaks plaintively for all of us who are hungry in this way: "Which was the *real* Jackie . . . or were both the facades she presented simply roles she was playing . . . beneath the facades, perhaps, was buried a secret *third* Jackie. . . ." Or a fourth, a fifth, a twelfth? The mind grows dizzy at the magnitude of the task gossip sets for itself, pursuing the truth, *any* truth, down an endless hall of mirrors. □

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TO KILL AN OLIVE

Nobody knows how long it takes to kill an olive.
Drought, axe, fire are admitted failures. Hack one down;
grub out a ton of mainroot for fuel; and next Spring
every lateral sends up shoots. A great frost
can leave the trees leafless for years; they revive.
Investing armies will fell them. They return
through the burnt-out ribs of siege machines.

Only the patient Goat, nibbling his way down the ages
has malice to master the olive. Sometimes, they say,
a man finds a dead orchard, fixed and goat-
cropped centuries back. He settles and fences;
the trunks revive. His grandchildren's families prosper
by the arduous oil-pressing trade. Then wars
and diseases wash over. Goats return. The olives
go under, waiting another age.

Their shade still lies where Socrates disputed.
Gethsemane's withered groves are bearing yet.

Mark O'Connor

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Who Cares?

JOHN LEONARD

PRIVATE LIVES IN THE IMPERIAL CITY. *By John Leonard. Alfred A. Knopf. 209 pp. $8.95.*

And so the Erma Bombeck of the Great Pickle Section of *The New York Times* sees fit to inflict on a hapless public sixty-nine of his Wednesday morning thumb-suckers. It was hard enough for some of us to work up much interest in his cats and his stoop and his coffee grinder and his fondue pot and his qualms on the first go-round; a book-length rerun is an exacerbation. One is tempted to suggest that he be sensitive on his own time, not ours.

What right has he, anyway, to feel bad about sex and history? For a kid who grew up lower class in Long Beach, Calif. he's done all right, Jack. On the internal evidence of this anthology, he owns a townhouse on the notorious Upper East Side of Manhattan; he lolls in an Eames chair; there are tulips in his garden. He has a cabin in the mountains of California. He vacations in Crete and Paris. He has been, under mysterious auspices, to the Soviet Union and South Korea. He is invited to expense-account lunches and fancy dinner parties and screenings of movies. When he isn't on an airplane, he is listening to Mozart. At least one of his daughters goes to a private school. His job, such as it is, would appear to be nothing more arduous than sitting at home reading books and forming opinions.

Clearly, when some of us suck our thumb, the thumb is a lollipop.

But stylized anxiety is his racket. Down among the "discrepancies," he is rueful. Poignant is his middle name. On being disappointed at the Acropolis by the caryatids, he automatically thinks of himself as a caryatid, as though there were 2½ tons of Pentelic marble—guilt?—piled on top of his head, and in spite of the fact that caryatids are invariably female.

Besides, what do we *really* know about "Dmitri," his unlikely alter ego? (He does, to be sure, abandon "Dmitri" halfway through the book, resorting to "you," "he" and "I," but—and this is one of my many points—he never abandons the disguise, or what I have elsewhere called "the Yeatsian mask"; as we shall see, he can't afford to.) We know—we are allowed to learn—surprisingly little.

We know that he is divorced and remarried; that his son is a Latin scholar; that his new wife "teaches internal contradictions to the daughters of the ruling class"; that, once upon a time, he worked for a radical radio station in Berkeley, Calif. and was somehow involved with the civil rights and anti-war movements; that a couch he ordered never arrived; that he drinks and grows hair on his face.

This is psychic peanuts. The great confessions—one thinks, of course, of Augustine, and James Watson's *The Double Helix*, and Richard Nixon's *Six Crises* and Norman Podhoretz's *Making It*—are stuffed with the dirty little secrets of character. *Private Lives in the Imperial City* is profoundly evasive, babbling about pork chops and Spinoza. It omits sex (why did his marriage fail?) and politics (what is his attitude toward Kampuchea?) and money (salary? child support? who pays the West Side Sullivanian?). It names no names. As another critic has pointed out, he can't even seem to remember the name of the "sidekick" on whom he weeps and to whom, one gathers, he is wed.

Not even a hermaphrodite can have it both ways. If we've been promised a private life, we're entitled to something more than quotations from Schopenhauer and Wallace Stevens, divagations on bowling and the Pampas. Our "prurient avidity," as Mary McCarthy put it, "for the details of political defloration" must be satisfied. We require an eschatological apology—a dance, as it were, of the spider according to Tsuchigumo. When we don't get it, we are pissed.

Here, we get a mask. What festers behind it? An *arriviste*. Like so many of his nameless friends—teachers, novelists, journalists, film writers, social workers—he hopped like a jumping bean from the lower- to the upper-middle class. He skipped over too many nodes of transition. He denies his origins. His radical past is behind him as he eats his tulips. He identifies, unconsciously, with caryatids because there are 2½ tons of inauthenticity and bad

John Leonard is chief cultural correspondent of The New York Times.

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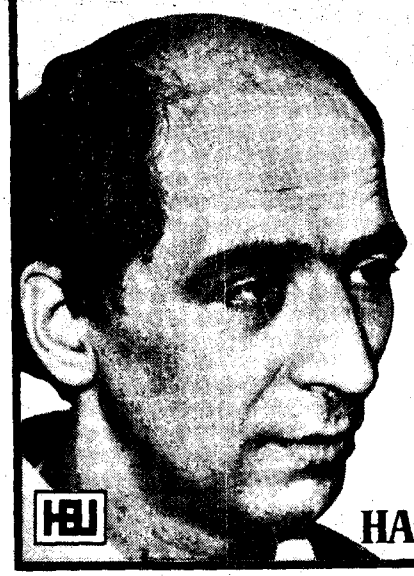

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faith poised above the bald spot over which he combs his metaphors.

No wonder he's afraid of the music of the young, of hot tubs, and the therapies of touch and tickle, and stoop-wisdom. They'll find him out, if they bother, as I have.

In his recently published *The Future of the Intellectuals and the Rise of the New Class*, Alvin W. Gouldner has identified a sneaky elite of "professionals," who run the culture, whose commodity is knowledge. Gouldner doesn't go far enough. What of the commodity of sensibility, a free-floating smogball, a hydrogen bubble unattached to any recognizable Kampuchea, as if R.D. Laing hadn't already explained the family, as if the modern world didn't consist of Swifty Lazar and Charles Manson? In his townhouse, Leonard is a fugitive. We will get him. □

The Insanity of Place

NORA MAGID

BEYOND REASON. *By Margaret Trudeau. Paddington Press. 256 pp. $10.95.*

In her admirable memoir, *A Woman in a Man's World*, Thérèse Casgrain describes Canada's former Prime Minister Mackenzie King as a bachelor "very much attached to his dog, which returned his affection and always began to tremble when the valet packed his master's suitcase for a trip." She then tells of a dinner at which Mr. King, having announced to the guest of honor, a titled Englishman, that his dog was going to sing, "sat the dog on the piano-stool with its paws on the keyboard and, standing behind it, began to sing while the dog howled in unison." When Mme. Casgrain's husband, the Speaker of the House of Commons, said to a friend, "That was frightful! You who are so close to Mr. King, couldn't you have a word with him?," the friend replied wryly, "I think we'd better speak to the dog."

The point here is that once upon a time, Mme. Casgrain, by current standards the most discreet of chroniclers, would not have repeated such a story, and that God alone knew what transpired in the lives of public figures when, as in the case of Mr. King, their privacy was sacrosanct. The anecdote also serves to bring to mind the celebrated occasion on which Margaret Trudeau, in Venezuela, was moved to rise at a state reception and tootle a rather dreadful ballad of her own creation. "The Canadian delegation, to a man," she reports, "was horrified," and news of her latest gaffe traveled far and wide. Mrs. Trudeau had done it again. Anything Mrs. Trudeau did—and she did plenty—was in the public domain.

It is impossible to determine the impulse that underlies *Beyond Reason*. Is it explanation, confession, revenge, exhibitionism, naughtiness? The desire for fame and fortune? The fulfillment of a commitment to unprecedented candor? One thing is certain: traditional Canadian niceness may have gone down the tube, but in an odd way, traditional Canadian earnestness remains. I may know more about Mrs. Trudeau than I do about the friends with whom I grew up in Montreal, but what do I really know?

Well, I know that to be seen with the book is to elicit an astonishing response from strangers. The man on the bus said, "S.D.R.R.—sex, drugs, rock and roll is what I call it." He said that everyone knows about her and the Stones, and everyone knows about her and the Senator, and how could the two countries work together after that; and further, that she was a party girl and you didn't marry the party girl, you left her after a good time and went home to your wife. A neighbor said, "She's tacky, that's what she is." And the newsstand operator said, "She should clean up her act."

According to a recent column in *The Ottawa Citizen* on the implications of "the soap opera drama of the adventures of Margaret, before, after and at 24 Sussex Drive," as Canadians gossip about the serialized revelations now appearing, they form opinions "about her and the man she married. Some people will be amused, others horrified, while almost everyone will be titillated. But sometime after the already long-in-the-tooth novelty wears off, most Canadians will decide either that Pierre Elliott Trudeau was lost in love to a silly romantic girl or that he has demonstrated shockingly poor judgment in his choice of a wife. Either way, their feelings will be reflected, to an undetermined extent, in the ballots they cast seven weeks from now."

Poor Trudeau. And poor Maggie. By her own account, she has always been anxious to please. How then did she come to be perceived as a spoiler? Thanks to overexposure, much of her story, even in advance of publication, is familiar. When she first became involved with the Prime Minister, a man almost thirty years her senior, she was what she calls "a failed hippie, a hippie without a cause." While Ottawa was not entirely alien to her—her father had been a Cabinet Minister—she was young, unrealistic and unequipped for the job that upon marriage became hers. To see how destructive this can be, one has only to contemplate the toll that Washington takes on wives. Yet in Ottawa, Mme. Casgrain, who had come out of a sheltered convent girlhood to become a political wife, went on to a notable career in her own right as an upholder of human rights, as a public conscience. Maggie Trudeau came out of the equally rigid conventions of a different generation, and that includes the drug scene in Morocco. On their first date, she thought it awful that without knowing Trudeau, thanks to what she had read, she knew about him. "He doesn't welcome prying. . . .He doesn't gossip and he never discusses people he knows." And of course he cannot answer this book. (It is particularly ironic that this should happen to a man who once in another context said that the nation has no business in the bedrooms of its citizens.)

She intended to be "not just the Perfect Prime Minister's Wife, but the *most* perfect wife in the world." But she hated "the quack, quack, quack" of small talk, she hated the tedium, the hypocrisy, the goldfish-bowl aspect of diplomatic life, she hated and abused the security men (she thought that *she* was under surveillance), she resented Trudeau's obsession with work. She had liked being the Prime Minister's mistress; she did not like being his wife, and to get out from under the claustrophobia that set in, she fled to what she thinks of as privacy.

The confusions are dismal and they are many. She seems unable to distinguish between sense and nonsense. When the book is in focus, there are nice thumbnail sketches of the Nixons and of other figures, including one of her former idol, Buckminster Fuller, who came to lunch, refused to eat and "spoke incomprehensibly and without

Nora Magid is a Montrealer and former literary editor of The Reporter. *She teaches in the writing program at the University of Pennsylvania.*

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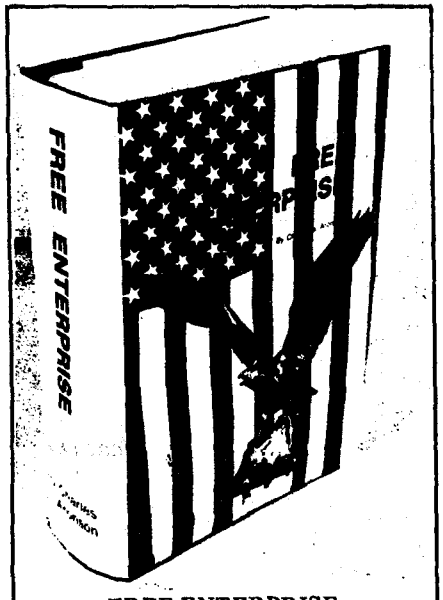
nterruption for an hour and a half, and old [her] that he was painting a tapestry of careful thought and [she] was not o interrupt." There is a fine reconstruction of a conversation with Prime Minister Bhutto, in which, seeking her views on capital punishment, he asks incredulously, "But what do you do with your country's enemies?" In Pakistan, he tells her, "We have 350 to 400 executions every year." She talks seriously and sensibly about China and idiotically about Cuba which she somehow reduces to Castro's compliment about her blinding blue eyes. And yes, she does report that when Prince Charles looked down the front of her dress, she said pertly, "Feast ye while ye may. If I wasn't three months' pregnant, there would be nothing to see."

What can you say about a First Lady who said to the voters, "Pierre has taught me everything I know about loving," who told security men and reporters to fuck off, who relished the peyote slipped into her bag during an official mission? She sees no connection between her behavior and the repercussions. "My rage was really with the press, not with the public. I felt that there had been a growing campaign among the more malicious newsmen to put me in as bad a light as could be found and distort everything I did or said." Of course the vultures were after her and of course she fed them.

The trouble, she says, is that she needed direction, not freedom. She does. She also needs a muzzle. We don't really need the marital, financial, sexual and gynecological disclosures; we don't even need to know that in desperation she took hours to put on her makeup and her prettiest clothes and that when he came home after his long day, Trudeau infuriated her by taking *off* his good clothes and climbing into old baggy slacks and working some more. So she dreamed of getting away from the marriage and from the terrifying poison-pen letters of the self-righteous, and her dream of liberation was flight to the jet set and to Studio 54. Her passport, she once insisted, had to be in her maiden name, but her autobiography is not in that name. She is locked into her flower-child image, she has been packaged and exploited, and to paraphrase the comment of an American friend of mine, as Harry said, if you can't stand the heat, you stay out of the kitchen.

She didn't stay out of the kitchen. □



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Deception and Disclosure in the Field

HERBERT J. GANS

Once upon a time, social scientists, like their colleagues in the natural sciences, did not encounter ethical problems in doing research. Even if they inflicted pain or harmful publicity on the people they studied, the public faith in science was so strong as to blind scientists, as well as others, to the possibility that scientific research could, at times, create victims.

Today, social scientists setting out to do empirical research must confront ethical issues, at least if they seek public funds. Thanks to some outrageous medical and psychological experiments undertaken during a period of emerging agnosticism about science, the Federal Government began, in the 1960s, to prescribe regulations for "the protection of human subjects." By now, these regulations apply also to nonexperimental research, in sociology, for example, to surveys (carried out through formal interviews) and to participant-observation or fieldwork studies (which combine direct observation of people in the "field" and informal interviews).

The Federal regulations, as well as the considerable thought now given to the ethics of research, revolve in the main around a single question—or dilemma: how to judge, and balance, the intellectual and other benefits of scientific research against the actual or possible physical and emotional costs paid by the people who are being studied. This dilemma comes up—in slightly different ways—in four types of issues.

The first issue, originally generated by experimental excesses, concerns the degree of permissible risk, pain or harm. Suppose a study which temporarily induces hysterical blindness among experimental subjects promises significant benefits, both for theoretical knowledge and for medical treatment. Experimental researchers may justify the study, if only because many oppose any roadblocks to their scientific progress, but the rest of us (especially the members of research review boards) must guess whether the promised benefits can be realized, and whether they justify potential dangers to the subjects, even if these are volunteers who know what to expect, and when all possible protective measures are taken.

A second issue involves the extent to which subjects may be deceived in a study, for example, by hiding from them that they will be exposed to temporary pain or embarrassment. Researchers must now obtain, in writing, the "informed consent" of people they study, but dilemmas can still arise in defining and determining when subjects are truly informed, and whether, once informed, they can freely decline to participate. Prisoners and hospital patients can feel the limits on their freedom, but even undergraduate subjects must consider whether their re-

Herbert J. Gans is professor of sociology at Columbia University and a senior research associate at the Center for Policy Research. His newest book, based on participant-observation research, is Deciding What's News: A Study of CBS Evening News, NBC Nightly News, Newsweek and Time *(Pantheon Books).*

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fusal to participate in the professor's experiment may be reflected in their final grade for the course.

Some experiments require that subjects be deceived. For example, Stanley Milgram's controversial studies, some years back, explored people's willingness to obey irrational commands by leading them to believe they were administering painful shock treatments to their fellow subjects. Whether the benefits of these studies justified the costs to the deceived is still at issue, but at least Federal rules now demand that deceptions be revealed at the end of experiments.

Even surveys can be deceptive if questions are loaded, tap subconscious attitudes or have hidden agendas. Nor are interviewees likely to be told of the deception, and sometimes the survey researchers themselves are not aware that their questions are loaded. Participant-observers may also ask subtly revealing questions without telling people exactly what they are up to. As always, the ethical dilemma concerns limits, especially since complete candor on the part of the researcher can also affect the study. Normally, people try to present interviewers and participant-observers—and themselves—with a flattering image of their activities and feelings, screening out information that makes them look bad and, if necessary, they will deceive the researcher who has been too open with them in order to do so.

Still, participant-observation is at most deceptive when it is done cover when people are not told they are be studied. Covert fieldwork is a little l investigative reporting and espiona except that its aims are scienti moreover, participant-observers a sociologists generally oppose its use, cept as a last resort for people who not permit themselves to be studi Actually, permission is not often nied, for many people seem to enjoy t attention they receive from participa observers, but over the years, socio gists have taken jobs in factories signed in as patients in hospitals wh they were forbidden to come as "ove researchers.

The right to keep out researchers not in doubt—although it may be que tioned when the place of study is a pu lic agency, or when, in a priva company, employees want to be studi but management demurs. Neverth less, covert research has its place, for groups and institutions that bar enti to researchers have something to hid enabling them to evade study seems me as unethical as deceiving them b covert methods. Participant-observe do not set out to conduct exposes bu they must remain free to collect and r port data about what they, or other consider to be socially unjust or und sirable behavior.

A third ethical issue concerns the dis closure of confidential or personall harmful information, either during th study itself, or as a result of publica tion. Indeed, the problem may arise be fore the study begins, if and whe studies are funded for other tha purely scientific purposes. The classi case is Project Camelot, a mid-1960 study under State Department auspi ces, of revolutionary groups in Sout America. In this instance, the socia scientists soon realized that they were in danger of being used as spies, and they closed down the study shortly after it began. But what if researchers do not learn about a sponsor's hidden agenda until after the study is completed, or what if their findings are used for unethical purposes by readers of the finished report? Academic researchers rarely face such problems, but I gather that they occur periodically in commercial research.

Experiments and surveys do not usually have to deal with disclosure problems, for both kinds of data give little attention to individual reactions or responses and are quickly transformed into statistics. (Despite the fear

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some interviewees that their individual answers will be made public, survey researchers are careful to protect the anonymity of their respondents, and often do not even know their names.)

While interview studies collect information about what people *say* they do, which enables interviewees to exclude confidential material, participant-observers study what people are actually doing, and can therefore observe them in embarrassing situations. Participant-observers are, as a consequence, expected to abide by a long-standing tradition of protecting privacy by not showing anyone the field notes in which they record their observations; by not using names, or real names, in publications, for the individuals and collectivities they study, and by falsifying minor characteristics of people they describe or quote. This tradition has no legal standing, of course, but because participant-observation as a method engenders feelings of obligation toward the people studied, fieldworkers have usually policed themselves in protecting privacy and maintaining confidentiality.

Suppose, however, that a participant-observer obtains evidence during his or her study that a serious crime has been committed. Legal obligations to report the crime aside, the researcher faces a difficult ethical choice: to protect the privacy of the alleged criminal, or to report the crime so as to protect "society."* Whatever their choice, participant-observers must end up by taking sides, and both sides are fraught with major consequences.

In thirty years of fieldwork, I have yet to encounter evidence of a serious crime, but the same ethical dilemma does arise regularly, when a study is readied for publication and there is a question of disclosing legal but morally dubious activities. Here, too, the researcher must choose: whether to reveal the perpetrator, or through non-disclosure, to enable that individual to continue hurting his or her victims. While sociologists have not been elected or appointed to ferret out wrongdoing or social injustice, they have not been elected or appointed to conceal them either.

Of course, most participant-observation studies are published in academic journals or books which shine a weak spotlight on people, and the more so when real names are not used. Even so, pseudonyms are never completely effective, for the people studied can often identify one another, and when a study deals with a one-of-a-kind institution or an easily identified national organization, pseudonyms for them hide virtually nothing. I could not have masked the identity of the national news organizations I studied recently, although as I had initially promised them, I did not name any individual journalists.

Ethical problems do not end with the publication of the study, for I believe that researchers owe some accountability to the people they have studied, giving them an opportunity to respond to, correct, or deny what they deem to be inaccurate or unfair conclusions. The articles of investigative reporters can be denied in a press conference, or by a letter to the editor, but letters to an author or publisher (of sociological *and* journalistic books) have no way of

*In the eyes of the law as it is currently interpreted and enforced, participant-observers and other sociologists are ordinary citizens, who are not obligated to report crimes about which they have knowledge. If law-enforcement authorities suspect or know, however, that they are familiar with a crime, they become legally liable if they conceal or cover it up. As a result, the authorities can subpoena a researcher's field notes, and can resort to informal methods of obtaining evidence as well. At present, participant-observers lack even the rudimentary protections available to journalists, although I believe that they deserve the same privileged status that journalists have long been seeking.

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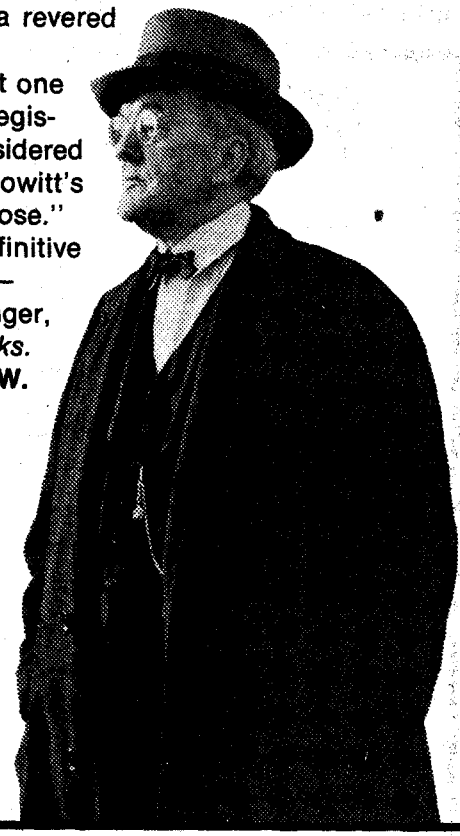

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reaching the public. Influential citizens who are skilled in the ways of public criticism and the exertion of pressure can object, as did the leaders of an upstate New York community studied by Arthur Vidich and David Bensman (*Small Town in Mass Society*), but most people may not even know that they can write a letter to an academic journal if they reject the findings of a study about themselves. Serge Lang, a Yale University mathematician, has recently waged an aggressive correspondence campaign to protest what he considered a scientifically inadequate survey of the political and social attitudes of academics, which was sponsored by the Carnegie Corporation and carried out by Everett Ladd and Seymour Martin Lipset. Even though Lang is an internationally known figure, he has had some difficulty in obtaining accountability from the researchers, sponsor and defenders of the study.

Lesser-known people can object to a study by refusing to be interviewed by the next survey researcher, or barring entry to the next participant-observer, but this practice punishes an innocent researcher for the possible faults of a colleague. In the late 1960s, some residents of Boston's black ghetto, Roxbury, feeling that they had been disparaged by the findings of social science research, organized a committee to screen incoming researchers, but poor people, who are perhaps more often put down by seemingly objective scholarly works than others, usually have more urgent problems about which to organize.

People who have the time, energy and money to resort to the law can sue offending researchers, but as far as I know this rarely happens. Nor is it entirely desirable, for among other things, it may scare away future researchers, not to mention funding agencies, from the very subjects that may most need study.

Some researchers have established their own accountability method, sharing their next-to-last draft with the people they have studied, and incorporating corrections and reactions in the final publication. This solution is praiseworthy, but when the subject matter is controversial, and the people involved fear identification, they may deny previous observations and comments when

GEORGE SAND
The Portrait by Nadar

You were comrades, *compères*, Nadar had even
named a balloon after you,
so when, that afternoon in his studio—

though you were sixty, beyond
seduction or at least beyond seducing,
irreproachably chaptered

at Nohant in a rustle of no more than
imaginary copulation—
when he asked you to sit for him as Racine

you went along with the gag,
if it was one, wrapped yourself in red velvet
and a Louis-something wig

left around for fancy-dress parties, and lo!
disclose yourself a classic
in precisely the moral drag you managed

to forego for a lifetime
of thriving on what others call intuition,
though it is in fact no more

than a subtle human power of noticing,
or attention, or simply
trust in experience. Neither the *grande dame*

your dreadful novels flouted
nor the *grande amoureuse* you flattered yourself
your lovers were not up to,

you still belong with the subversive poet
you take off or put on here,
for you have discovered that to make choices

is nothing, to take them less—
to create choices is everything. The ones
you created were a trap

Racinian enough for your disguise: releasing
inhibitions is quite as
compulsive, repetitive, and hysterical

an operation (and opus)
as repressing them. Perhaps a genius
though never a gentleman,

you pose with a flamboyant frumpishness past
the dull coquetries of sex,
serenely heretical, efficient, real.

Richard Howard

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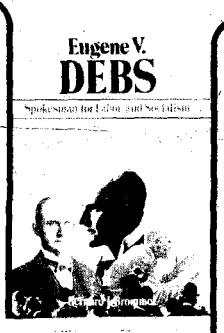

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these appear on paper, just as public officials who supply leaks to journalists later deny them if they are identified.

In theory, social scientists, like other professionals, are supposed to be held in ethical check by their peers, but most peers never learn about the ethical shortcuts of others. Professional associations in the social sciences promulgate codes of ethics that set standards of research, but these are difficult to enforce, and few violations are ever brought before professional ethics committees. The review boards for the protection of human subjects, which include peers and "community representatives," have probably put an end to many ethical deviations, even if they have occasionally slowed down scientific progress or have used ethics to halt research, or researchers, they dislike on other grounds.

Even so, the ethical dilemmas remain, and in participant-observation, at least, I suspect they are usually resolved privately, with researchers confronting their own consciences on disclosure. Obviously, some consciences are more demanding than others, but even the most conscientious researchers act as judge and jury in their own cases, and they have a vested interest in protecting their studies.

As a researcher, I would prefer maximal freedom of research, the responsibility to resolve ethical dilemmas for myself, and the confidence from others that I will make the right decisions. As a citizen, however, I know that this solution has its shortcomings, and that others, including people with differing conceptions of what constitute benefits and costs, must have some power of review over the research process. Nonetheless, *if* review leads to constraint (which is not always the case), it can easily benefit those with the power to demand constraint, rather than those with the best ethical case. And if constraint becomes censorship or self-censorship, in the social sciences and journalism, it may not necessarily help the victims of research, nor powerless people who need maximal disclosure about the activities of the powerful.

In the social sciences, ethical problems are often also political, for as I noted earlier, dilemmas about covert research and disclosure may require taking sides, and the choice over whom to hurt or protect is a political act. Although ethics should take priority over politics (and ideology), sometimes the two concerns cannot be separated, and then the choice of sides is doubly complicated. Researchers must be far better trained in ethics and politics so that they can understand the dilemmas they must resolve, and can report their choices to the readers of their work. At the same time, however, reviewers mandated to protect human subjects must also be aware of how difficult some issues in the ethics of research really are. □

Public and Private: A Philosophical View

SISSELA BOK

MORTAL QUESTIONS. *By Thomas Nagel. Cambridge University Press. 213 pp. $19.95. Paper $5.95.*

William James wrote that no matter how skeptical one may be about the attainment of universal truths, one can never deny that the meaning of philosophic study is "the possession of mental perspective"—the "habit of always seeing an alternative... of making conventionalities fluid again, of imagining foreign states of mind." And the question he addresses to thinkers applies equally to books:

> Is there space and air in your mind, or must your companions gasp for breath when they talk with you?

Mortal Questions, by Thomas Nagel, possesses such space, air and perspective. In fourteen essays, Nagel explores with clarity and unostentatious rigor issues such as "death," "the absurd" and "sexual perversion," which are unfamiliar to many contemporary English-speaking philosophers; he also takes up topics currently debated under such labels as "affirmative action" or "brain bisection," showing how they benefit from, and may in turn shed light on, analysis of more general philosophical issues such as that of equality. The essays reinforce one another by probing different aspects of questions which a what life is, how it is experienced a how it should be lived.

Nagel not only approaches problen from different perspectives and poin of view, he also inquires into the natu of these perspectives and points of vie He tries throughout to examine the role, to see how they affect one anothe to learn how they can be stretched an shifted, and, by attempting to span i commensurate ones, to test the limits what can be thought and felt.

In "Moral Luck" Nagel compares th perspective we have of an action—sa of Anna Karenina's going off wit Vronsky—in advance, and the judg ment we make when we have seen th outcome: an outcome at least in part de termined by chance and unforeseeabl events—by good or bad luck. We are un comfortable contemplating the possi bility of different judgments about th morality of someone's action derivin from factors quite outside his control

This awareness, as Nagel points out threatens our sense of the legitimacy o moral judgment as such. Here again, h argues, we must distinguish two incom patible perspectives: the internal con ception of ourselves and others a agents and the external view of action as events.

In "Subjective and Objective," Nagel considers together these and other troubling differences in point of view, and the perennial philosophical problems that they point to: the problem of the meaning of life, the mind-body problem, and those of free will, personal identity, and consequentialism. He suggests that these reflect a more general polarity between subjective and objective points of view. In each case the effort to take a strictly detached and objective view fails to account for the subjective experience in which individuals see themselves as having significance, as thinking and choosing.

This polarity, Nagel argues, must be accepted; neither point of view can be allowed to absorb the other: "The coexistence of conflicting points of view, varying in detachment from the contingent self, is not just a practically necessary illusion but an irreducible fact of life."

I found his working out of this conception illuminating; he demonstrates the untranslatable nature of the subjective point of view, and peels away many side issues from problems such as that of free will, focusing more closely on what it is that gives them such force.

Such a conception presents difficulties that Nagel admits—difficulties es-

Sissela Bok is the author of Lying: Moral Choice in Public and Private Life *(Pantheon Books).*

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ially strong when it comes to moral ice. For with so many differences in nt of view, held in such polarity, how we assume that any of our judgnts and choices are the right ones? d, conversely, isn't it possible to cite multiplicity of points of view in ler to dismiss criticism of particular ices?

An argument of this kind is often ed to blunt criticism of poor judgnt and wrongdoing in government, holds that one cannot always judge actions of public officials by the ndards applied to private individu-. This argument has a long tradition political theory, and similar claims ve been made in medicine, business d other fields. Such claims are often ttressed by views that certain activi-s are "value-free," and that whatever oral conflicts do arise are best underod and resolved from within, rather an through interference by outsiders. Nagel's essay on "Ruthlessness in ublic Life" contributes to the growing bate over the differences between rsonal and work-related moral standds. This is by no means merely an abract debate. It affects many who are ying to decide whether to enter a field to take on a job that may diminish em and force them to abandon pernal standards; it worries many others ho are torn between going along with oddy practices or resigning—peraps even speaking out in public at reat personal risk.

In inquiring into the relationship beween private and public morality, Nagel usefully separates a number of uestions: whether the two moralities erceived as separate are identical in rinciple, so that any discrepancy in acual fact is due to faulty understanding r distortion or abuse; how the two are elated if they are not identical—to what extent they overlap, whether one an be derived from the other, or whether both should be derived from a ommon source; and whether they can onflict, and how, in that case, one night go about arriving at a choice.

Nagel holds that the two moralities ave much in common, and both rule out sharp departures from fundamenal moral restraints on what human beings can do to one another. Public and private morality differ from the point of view of obligations assumed, and place special requirements of impartiality and of concern for the common good on public officials. Nagel argues that the two also differ from the point of view of means, within limits: thus the coercive methods by which public officials may gather taxes or conscript recruits for defense purposes are not legitimate for private individuals.

Nagel is persuasive in showing that role-related and individual perspectives must of necessity have a somewhat different scope and content. But when it comes to the question of means the argument weakens. I am not persuaded that taxation and conscription, insofar as they are themselves legitimate exercises of authority, cannot be explicated on the basis of principles of private morality, nor that the more questionable tactics of "ruthlessness" and "dirty hands" can be justified by recourse to public morality. Though Nagel indicates that they can be, up to a point, he does not develop this argument, and admits that line-drawing would be hard. This is one of many areas where much more analysis, in the context of practical circumstances, will be needed.

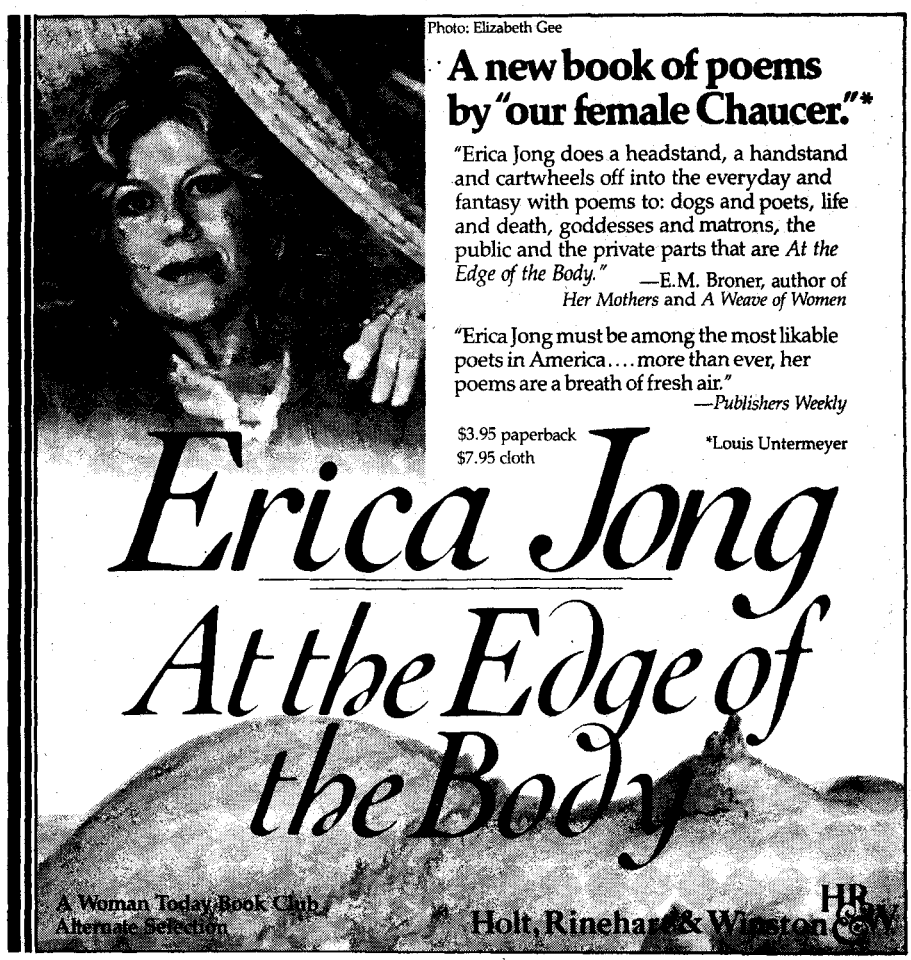
The essays that make up *Mortal Questions* were published separately between 1970 and 1978. In that period, it would have been difficult to see philosophy as divorced from political claims and counterclaims of a normative kind. Nagel does not hesitate to grapple with such claims and counterclaims; but he expresses doubt, in his preface, about the practical uses of ethical theory. He believes that philosophy is best judged by its contribution to understanding the world, rather than by its success in changing it.

While such a stance is a welcome contrast to the more grandiose postures sometimes adopted in the name of philosophy, I wonder whether it does not concede too much. The distinction between understanding and practical effects on choice cannot be clearly drawn in concrete human affairs: to think of the two as separate when it comes to one's own work may lead to unnecessary modesty in disclaiming one's ability to affect policies. Certainly those who work to restrict and to skew understanding have every intention of achieving practical results. I believe that Nagel's essays point beyond the caution of his preface. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Billy Wilder's *Fedora* is a picture you could easily knock into a cocked hat, so preposterous it is, such an expenditure for a teasing bit of very late Gothic romance. But we are in a period when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money and talent are being lavished on frivolous fictions, and this is another amusing example of that extravagance.

Wilder wrote the piece (from a story by Thomas Tryon) with his longtime collaborator, I.A.L. Diamond, and gets away with its spooky tomfoolery because whereas his cast performs with the most studious sobriety, he directs with an ill-concealed grin. The suspense is considerable, the laughs come frequently and the locales—principally Corfu and a small island just off the coast—are mistily beautiful. One must treat the plot as classified because, like so much that these days is kept from us, the situation is far from being what it seems. However, I may at least identify the company. Fedora (Marthe Keller) is a legendary film star, long in secluded retirement; it is intended that she remind you of Garbo. Guarding her privacy on the island are her hostess, the Countess Sobryanski (Hildegard Knef), Dr. Vando (José Ferrer), formerly the proprietor of a clinic for those who could pay well for eternal youth (he is also, and prudently, in retirement) and Miss Balfour (Frances Sternhagen), Fedora's dragon of a British factotum.

Events open on the trying spectacle of Fedora flinging herself beneath a train at a station near Paris, and the whole film is thus a flashback in which Barry Detweiler (William Holden) recalls the recent circumstances that have led to this tragedy. Detweiler, an independent film producer who has not been lucky at his trade, has come to Corfu in the rather forlorn hope that he might induce Fedora, whom decades ago he had known briefly but biblically, to emerge from retirement and make him instantly solvent. Success depends, in the first place, on his being able to storm the castle. It is not easy, but Detweiler is a persistent man with nothing to lose, and he soon has the none too stable society on the island in a state of hysteria. Indeed, they pack up and flee to France, leaving the property in the care of a saturnine chauffeur/boatman who catches Detweiler snooping around the place and conks him on the head with a pair of elegant fire tongs.

That's about as far as I can go with propriety. Michael York appears as himself in a brief but crucial role, and Henry Fonda, also in his own person, shows up one day to confer a belated Oscar on Fedora. At the funeral (the Countess says she will not tolerate a spectacle, like that disgusting show for Valentino, but nevertheless the obsequies are sufficiently spectacular), the chief mourners spill a lot that they had been suppressing. That happens sometimes at funerals, and if you managed to guess it all, back there on Corfu, you are smarter than I was.

Just Like at Home is the second film by the Hungarian director, Márta Mészáros, to be shown in this country; her *Women* was released here last year. In the present film she seems to bite off more than she can chew; it starts with the credits being flashed against an elaborate background of photographic collage, often a sign of pretensions to come.

Or perhaps it is that Mészáros bites off less than she should. Her story is valid, contemporary and worth attention. András (Jan Nowicki), son of a farming family, had gone to the United States on a scholarship, and overstayed his time there. He has now returned to Budapest, apparently because, though he was doing well in America, his roots pulled him home. He finds that, having stayed away so long, he has forfeited his teaching job, that Anna, his mistress (Anna Karina), is not sure she wants to resume their relationship, and that his parents view him somewhat askance.

Caught in this limbo, he tries impulsively to buy the dog of an 11-year-old girl who lives on a farm adjoining his parents', and, when she sturdily refuses to part with her pet, finds himself adopting her instead. He is restless, emotionally fitful, by turns brutal and sentimental, full of energy and listless. Anna comes back to him, her husband having left her, but he rejects her for the child, toward whom his affection grow increasingly ambiguous.

Schematically, that is all very well one can readily believe in, and sympathize with, the deracination of a young middle-European who went whoring after New York and now sees familiar faces and old scenes in the bleak light of repentance. I've sometimes wondered how the Prodigal Son found himself situated a week or so after the fatted calf had been so merrily consumed. The trouble is that all of this is what reflection tells me the film must be about. Nowicki, at least on this occasion, does not seem to be a very communicative actor; what one sees on the screen is a large, rather menacing chap being obnoxious in a variety of ways that range from cruelty to mawkishness. He is, in short, a pain in the neck and, for the little girl, a considerable danger. A return after long absence is often difficult, but nothing that is told us of his recent experiences or older memories would seem to justify András's obstreperous behavior. Nor, for his part, does Nowicki convey what he is feeling, beyond the less than satisfactory information that he is out of sorts.

It is entirely possible that *Just Like at Home* is a film that does not "travel" well. A Hungarian audience may pick up nuances in András's relationships with his parents, his attitude toward the girl's parents, toward the girl herself and toward Anna that would illuminate the story, but are lost on us. So I may do the picture an injustice when I say that it seems insensitive to the very problem it proposes to explore. But that is how it struck me. □

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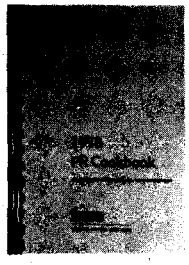

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ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

The Allan Frumkin Gallery publishes a newsletter (8 pages, 50 cents postpaid) and the winter issue is devoted to "Kinds of Realism." There are interviews with three artists of the gallery (Jack Beal, Al Leslie, Philip Pearlstein) and four others: William Beckman, Charles Close, Richard Estes and Paul Georges. Precise information, straight from the horse's mouth, fills the newsletter. Georges notes the existence of a "realistic 'wing' of [Hans] Hofmann's stu-

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dents"—Larry Rivers, Paul Resika and himself, and reminds us of the presence of a realist imagery in a center of abstract painting. Pearlstein says: "For me, the posing of the models is like nonstorytelling dance—it's all movement and spatial relationships." Here is an interesting modification of the traditional comparison between painting and theater, the picture area as the analogue of the stage. Close aims to devalue the verism of his large heads by using a hard-nosed abstract artist's tone: "I don't do preliminary drawings for paintings. I usually do the drawings after the painting, that is, I recycle the image." Beckman calls attention to the peculiar prestige of nude studies: "Figure drawing kept Realism alive for me. Even the most ardent abstract artist cannot help respecting a good figure drawing." The value of such piecemeal facts and opinions is considerable for, as J. Martin, editor of the newsletter, observes: "No critic has made Realism his area of concentration."

There is a backlog in the interpretation of realism, a paucity of discussion and theory that makes individual artists hard to assess comparatively. Consider the case of Alice Neel whose retrospective exhibition was at the Silvermine Guild of Arts, New Canaan, Conn. until April 8, and at the University of Bridgeport (Bridgeport, Conn.) until April 11. (When Adolph Gottlieb had a split retrospective in 1968, the early work was in one place, the late in another, but Neel's work was not so intelligently divided.) The selections at Bridgeport and Silvermine amounted to a thinned-out profile of her work from the late 1920s to date. Actually the shows could have easily been hung chronologically, since there were forty-nine works from 1927-66 and fifty-two after 1967 and there is a clear stylistic difference. The earlier work is formalized, flat and contoured; the later work, on which her reputation rests, is coloristic, three-dimensional and painterly.

"For half a century Alice Neel steered her own clear-headed course alone, through the storms of the Abstract Expressionist, Pop, minimal and conceptual art movements," writes Martha B. Scott in the well-illustrated catalogue. I quote this because the notion that realism is sane and virtuous compared to other styles is a common one. Realism becomes a form of grass-roots sanctity and as such can scarcely be discussed in art critical terms. Neel has also been adopted by feminists as the archetype of abused woman artist, though she is not herself a feminist. Realists too have championed her work for its sustained productivity, but there is a discernible reluctance on the part of art critics, and of other artists in conversation, to endorse Neel's politically based support. Possibly these reservations are the result of male prejudice and of an elite's taste for abstract art, but perhaps the paintings are at fault. In the absence of an adequate criticism of realism, the matter has not been discussed.

No one disputes Neel's command of characterization in her portraits: her pictures present a brilliant gallery of contemporaries. The effect of a Neel exhibition is more like riding on the subway than on the bus: on the bus, passengers manage to simulate normalcy and submit to social custom, but below ground it is different. In the subway everybody, it seems, is picking his nose or filing her nails, or otherwise misbehaving.

The marvelously acute response to character of which Neel is capable is often at its best in double portraits, such as "Jackie Curtis and Rita Red," 1970, and "Benny and Mary Ellen Andrews," 1972. The latter was shown in Connecticut with two new pairs, "David McKee and his First Wife, Jane," painted in 1968 but not shown before, and "Geoffrey Hendricks and Brian," painted two years ago. I know one of the sitters, and the match of brushwork and features is extraordinary: the head is a constellation of flesh-color changes, self-made creases, puckers and sags, and a revelatory expression. The complete painting is something else. The men are seated at a table which is merely an undifferentiated yellow-brownish plane, a post-Impressionist's nightmare; Hendricks's hand and leg, visible under the "table," exist at another level of description from his

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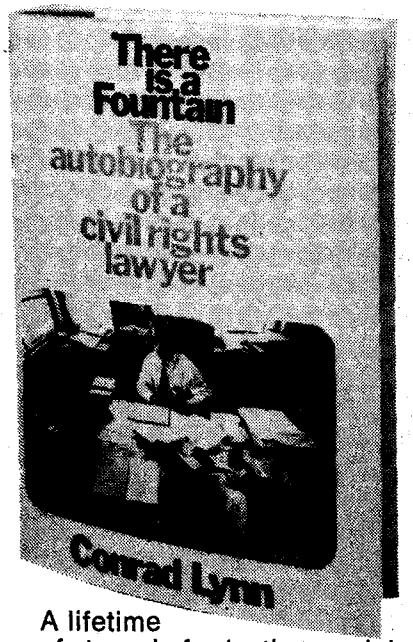

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head. Too often, Neel's figures are like glove puppets: vivid, knobby, 3-D heads, with limp, short, thin bodies dangling below.

The propaganda for Neel always announces her as a "collector of souls." Phyllis Derfner discerned something quite the opposite. She pointed out that in Neel's full-face portrait, Frank O'Hara has "a peculiar, slightly hideous grimace on his face. No comparable image of O'Hara has survived in [other] paintings or photographs." Anyone who has heard Neel's lectures, which are monologues on her sitters' idiosyncracies and weaknesses, will know that malice is central to her practice of portraiture. It is one of her strengths—turning observation into acerbic notation—but it risks squeezing the complexity of personality into a dominating first impression. Admittedly, portraiture has flattered too many sitters in the past, but Neel's tendency to caricature and her progressive perfunctoriness as she moves away from the head are not an adequate alternative.

This brings us back to the *Allan Frumkin Gallery Newsletter* and Martin's point about the lack of sustained critical attention to realism. Neel's limits should have been seen and stated clearly, not left in a blur of reservations and silences. Unfortunately, the discussion of realism still lags behind well-organized "modernist" writing in its sense of history, comparative studies, and even simple picture analysis. The different levels of representation in Neel's paintings are not justifiable as "the will of the artist"; they are a failure of internal coherence. □

THEATER

HAROLD CLURMAN

Alienation, Inc. might be an appropriate title for a book on contemporary drama. Its epigraph would read "We are all hooked on estrangement. We have all lost the feel of our bodies, we have all lost sight of our own minds."

In numerous instances, the spiritual disarray of such drama merely reflects that of the playwright, rather than serving as an antidote to it. In the works of writers like Strindberg, a forerunner of this "modernist" tendency, there is a soulful protest. He is sorely afflicted, but with his last breath he cries out for surcease. There are a few plays of this kind which are masterpieces. In many of the more recent examples, however, one finds a kind of gloating in the collapse and in the chaos which ensues; an attitude like that of the girl in Camus's notebooks, who whined, "'Don't take me out of my dear little grotto' when she was locked up by her parents in a room in which she lived surrounded by dung." A number of contemporary playwrights employ this attitude as a joke. They write comedies of hate.

It is a mistake to condemn such writers out of hand, but it is even worse to join the academy of snobs who regard their plays as expressions of superior insight or profound, even universal, truth. These aesthetes are convinced that "to compensate for the horror of bourgeois life one must exceed it in horror." I am inclined to Ibsen's disposition when he has Brand say "Where extremity brings no courage, the flock is not worthy of salvation."

These thoughts occurred to me during the past weeks on seeing a number of plays of the alienated school. My purpose at the moment is not to voice any specific evaluation of them—they are of diverse nature and unequal merit—but only to say that I was glad that several Off Broadway and Off Off Broadway organizations afforded me an opportunity to become acquainted with them. They were *The Workers Opera* by Rosalyn Drexler at the Theatre of the New City; *Biography* by the German-Swiss Max Frisch at the Chelsea Theater Center and (most pointedly) *Big and Little* by Botho Strauss at the Phoenix Theatre.

I wrote about *Biography* here after having seen it in Munich in 1968. It is a trim, well-staged, suavely ingenious, mildly playful variation on some Pirandellian themes, though it lacks the Italian's incisiveness and passion. Let it pass! The Drexler piece was directed in a long, unmitigated shout which obscured rather than revealed the text. *Big and Little* is interesting as a signal example of the new German theater.

I have not yet read *Big and Little* in the translation used at the Phoenix, soon to be published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. In the absence of a German production, such a reading is necessary in order to judge this staging. Without specific German tone, unfortunately, much of the play's quality is dissipated. As written, it is a mixture of mockery, anguish and repressed romanticism, an amalgam in fact of German theater from Carl Sternheim's 1911-13 expressionist, anti-bourgeois satires up to the now prevalent vein of caricature and gnomic utterance. It is an extended and fragmented projection of the individual amid the repellently absurd banality of today's middle class. The Germans appear to think highly of Botho Strauss, the 35-year-old playwright, and in time, perhaps we shall, too.

The pivotal character in *Big and Little*, Lotte, murmurs in bewilderment that "the earth is dissolving," which may be taken as the play's keynote. Strauss and his protagonist can make no contact with the smug, stupefied citizens of this dissolving earth. Lotte at least is a pure spirit, perpetually baffled by the world. She must, therefore, take flight from it. The alienated who are not destroyed—she is presumably one of the legendary "thirty-six" righteous ones who sustain the world—always take to flight. The ground is always cut from under them.

I submit that this horrid world, from which all these characters long for release, is still *my* province, so I turn with relief to more mundane dramatic events which do not pretend to intellectual sophistication or poetry.

Peter Terson's *Good Lads at Heart* (Brooklyn Academy of Music) is a production of the National Youth Theatre of Britain. This remarkable organization initiated its career in 1956 with an almost casual staging of a Shakespeare piece played by schoolboys from London's East End. By 1960, the company, to which many young people applied from all over England, appeared in the West End and toured abroad in Holland, Berlin and Paris. It then gained the support of the Ministry of Education. The Youth Theatre has staged over a hundred productions of Shakespeare, as well as plays specially written for it. The average age of the players is 18, and very few of them expect or desire to become professional actors. They hail from all classes: from a fish docker's son to a student of zoology to a girl who is training to be a dramatic coach. A few of their number—Simon Ward, Michael York, et al., have become stage and film stars or both, but professional placement is not the group's aim. Michael Croft, who founded it, has remained its director and staged the present production.

The audience sits on two sides of the stage space. This arrangement perfectly suits the setting, the gymnasium of a boys' reformatory. We see the boys at their various athletic exercises, participating in dramatic games based on their own experiences. In this way we

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come to learn about them, and what's more, we begin to understand what has made England England—for good and for ill.

I have noted that the participants (there is only one girl in this show, cast as the assistant to the dramatic instructor) are all amateurs. But their acting is not "amateurish." What we see is entirely convincing. We are *there* with them. Lowdown, foul-mouthed, tough, occasionally cruel, though capable of fairness, these boys are perhaps unredeemable. The play contains very little sentimentality and absolutely no preaching. Although the general atmosphere is harsh, it is not disaffecting. In fact, what makes the boys surprisingly likable (and the play as a whole fortifying) is the vivacity of their energy—their humanity in its savage unruliness and in its drive toward depravity.

What emerges also is the "Englishness" of it all. The headmaster, hard, shrewd, brilliantly hypocritical, logically correct, liberal when pressed, is a severe though not often sadistic disciplinarian. The master of the gymnasium is less "polished," more physically domineering, and endowed with the same characteristics as his superior. And here is the wonder of it: the boys, bitterly resentful and potentially dangerous, are not merely cowed by the treatment they receive but awed by it. They too possess the same elements of discipline as their "keepers." Both sides, the rulers and the ruled, mistrust and understand one another. In some odd way, they are of the same breed, almost of the same mind. A common civilization has shaped them, rendered them more or less alike. Their antagonisms complement one another. We perceive how the "psychology" of the British Empire came to be.

I was enlightened and, what is much better, delighted by the performance. These "victims of society" suffer in every respect more deprivation and insult than any of the characters in plays of psychic stress, but they are not "alienated." They neither depress nor exasperate us. They are closer to the mass of humanity; even in their degradation, there is hope for them. They are not bored to death and though they may distress, they do not bore us. □

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INDIGENOUS MUSIC

NAT HENTOFF

The voices are childlike, fresh and clear, for this is a North Carolina children's song—"Hanging Out the Linen Clothes"—with ancient English roots. The cadences are gently mesmeric, glazing the mind until the words and the dreary monotony they toll finally come through. For this is a woman's work song, lining out the endless domestic chores that are covered by the marriage contract, but no other.

The piece is part of *Penelope Isn't Waiting Any More: An Album of Women's Songs by Peggy Seeger* (Rounder). The set is singular among such collections in its wide historic range, as well as its emotional scope, and in the firm, skillful musicianship of Peggy Seeger. She has made many albums of enduring interest, but this is her most fully realized fusion so far of social concerns and folkloric resourcefulness. It is also sharply funny in places, always a boon when music is meant, one way or another, to purge or elevate us. Actually, the multicolored storytelling is so compelling that even a stone sexist might find it hard not to admit pleasure in the unfolding.

Margaret "Peggy" Seeger, 43, grew up listening to continents of folk music, for her father was ethnomusicologist Charles Seeger. Another strong influence was her half-brother, Pete Seeger, sixteen years older. Peggy has collected songs here and in Europe, and has performed widely. Married to Scottish folk expert Ewan MacColl—a bluff, room-filling singer and Zola-like composer—she lives in England where *Penelope Isn't Waiting Any More* was recorded. The credits, by the way, note that coproduction was handled by the Abortion Law Reform Association while thanks are given by Peggy Seeger "to Margaret Hardy for minding my daughter, Kitty, while the recording was in progress." (She has two other children.)

Some of the songs are variations on the bitter theme of a young woman bedded and then abandoned by a man pursuing his "nature, which urges him to seek new fields and new flowers." The loveliest and most haunting of these is "Jenny Bell," on which Peggy Seeger accompanies herself with the almost otherworldly, softly insistent sounds of the Appalachian dulcimer. But the story is very much of this world—Jenny Bell, unmarried, left

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with a baby which is then sent out for adoption. What saves it from sentimentality is the air of timelessness in the spare singing. Written in 1966 by a London teacher, the song could just as well have been birthed centuries before.

Other songs celebrate various quick-witted young women who, pressed by insistently lascivious men, trick them into acute frustration. Like the other tunes, they took their first form in Britain but eventually emerged, with newly idiomatic textures, across the seas.

A particularly lonely, painful piece, "Virginny, O," is a transportation song, going back at least as far as the early 18th century and telling how it felt to be a woman put on ship on the way to who knew what male fastness in the New World.

It is Peggy Seeger's contention, however, that traditional songs also reveal that many women did not bend easily to the fate decreed them by their gender. The landscape of these women includes cotton mills rather than sylvan glades, and "they are prepared, if necessary, to oppose the entire social structure in order to gain their ends."

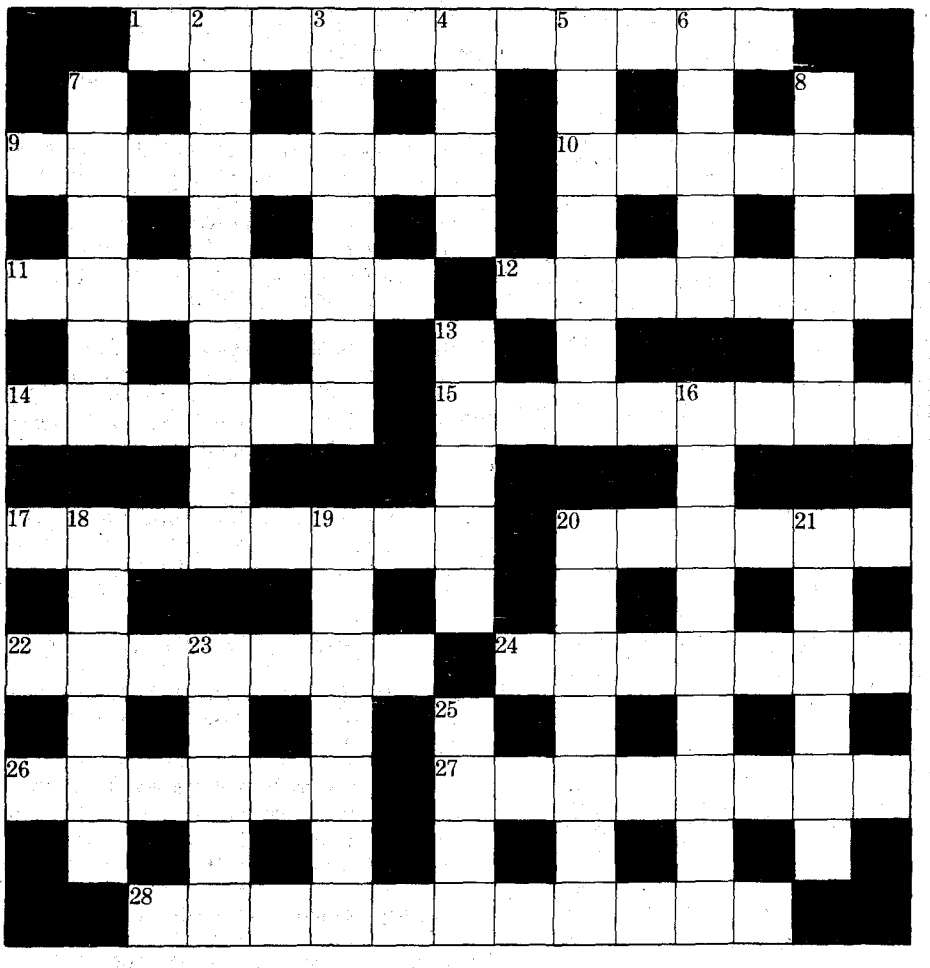
It was out of this resistant tradition that "You Didn't Do No Wrong" was written by a woman organizer, probably in Kentucky, in the 1930s. A stark portrait of a grimly unforgiving wife watching her husband brought home "cold and dead," shot by union-busting thugs, it reflects more than a woman supporting her husband's convictions. Clearly, this survivor has her own ideas about "slavery in the mine," and she is not about to creep away.

Among the other tracks are diverse housewives' alphabets and work lists. These too indicate that consciousness was being raised a long, long time ago. In the Roxburghe collection of ballads which had its start in the 1400s, there is, says Peggy Seeger, "a terrifying catalogue-song entitled 'A Woman's Work Is Never Done,' in which eleven eight-line verses reel off the work of a woman's thirty-six-hour day." Here she sings a New World version, "The Housewife's Lament."

Along with the fascinating, centuries-linked variety of the material, the album is nonpareil because it takes on such immediacy in the clear, resilient, penetrating singing of Peggy Seeger. On some of the tracks, she is unaccompanied, spinning and sustaining the narrative and musical lines with the self-assurance that this set intends to make infectious. (Rounder Records, 186 Willow Ave., Somerville, Mass. 02144). □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1772

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 If you're expecting fish after the soup, you might get it this way, sooner or later. (2,3,6)
9 A half-dozen no-good autos around, with expensive decorated work. (8)
10 Not like your estate, if you own property. (6)
11 And you might get this 1 across, if you wait long enough. (7)
12 See 2 down
14 But is it three times as high? (6)
15 See 4 down
17 Sounds like a joke from *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, but it's really very simple. (8)
20 One of those playwrights who just grinds things out? (6)
22 See 2 down
24 In general, the way old Nelly gets around. (7)
26 Common name of a crank. (6)
27 See 4 down
28 Some night courses in simple subjects might be so uncomplicated. (4,3,4)

DOWN

2, 22 and 12 across The "floating lady" on the stage might have this, along with certain advocates of the 28 style 15. (2,7,5,2,7)
3 How to cause a break-down, but still make it run even. (7)
4, 15 and 27 across Paid to take care of itself? (A worker might want it in his retirement plan.) (4,2,6,8)
5 Anything this, some people call funny. (7)
6 Only a very small part of the fight. (5)
7 Is it one's profession to run rapidly? (6)
8 Justice, chiefly, in place of a rabbit's existence? (6)
13 Determined to jump? (5)
16 There's a sort of silver environment for a rising girl in the country band. (9)
18 A prose composition, but invariably connected with music. (6)
19 One is under another's protection. (7)
20 It should be very, very 5, but you'll find the auto turned over within a certain distance. (7)
21 What some volunteers do is listen poorly! (6)
23 The low point of a crusader, by the sound of it. (5)
25 An omen that might say "Stop!"? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1771

ACROSS: 1 Take things easy; 9 Evaders; 10 Overlap; 11 Implement; 12 Excel; 13 Enraged; 15 Maestro; 16 Attires; 18 Suspend; 20 Harpo; 21 Observers; 23 Nowhere; 24 About to; 25 Break the record. DOWN: 1 The Time Machine; 2 Knapper; 3 The Beggar's Opera; 4 Issue; 5 Good times; 6 Ebenezer Scrooge; 7 Solicit; 8 Apple of Discord; 14 Dishonest; 17 Thrower; 19 Electro; 22 Scale.

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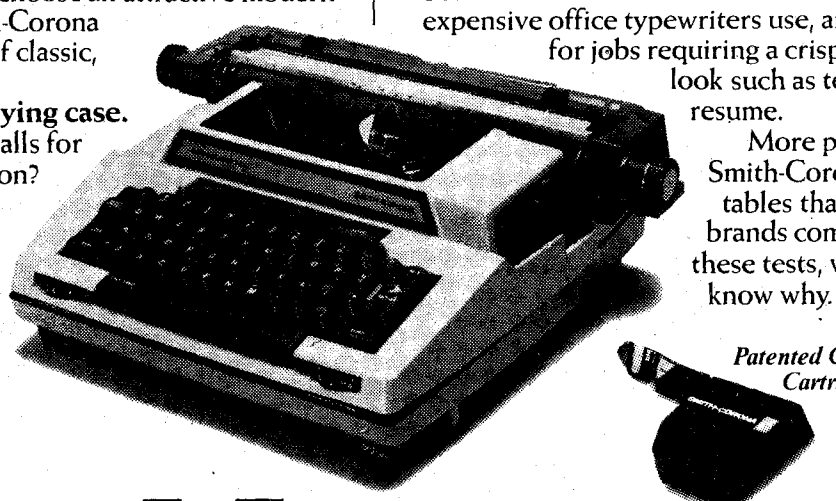
Check the price. A typewriter that sells for substantially less than others might be substantially less typewriter. If the price difference is minimal, you're probably better off paying a few dollars extra for the typewriter that tests best.

Ask who makes it. Smith-Corona makes every single typewriter that bears its name, which is not true of most other brands. So consider the maker's reputation. A company that has a solid reputation will still be around tomorrow and in the future to give your typewriter necessary service and maintenance.

A note about ribbon systems. Smith-Corona offers a unique cartridge ribbon and cartridge correction system. It lets you change ribbons in seconds without touching the ribbon. It also lets you correct typing errors neatly, quickly and easily. Not all correction systems produce equally good results. Test and compare.

Be sure to try the Smith-Corona carbon film ribbon. We offer a re-usable nylon fabric ribbon, excellent for ordinary typing jobs. This is the only kind of ribbon most portable typewriters offer. But Smith-Corona also offers carbon film ribbon in five colors. It's the kind of ribbon the most expensive office typewriters use, and it's perfect for jobs requiring a crisp, professional look such as term papers or a resume.

More people prefer Smith-Corona electric portables than all other brands combined. After these tests, we think you'll know why.



Patented Correction Cartridge

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